The Nation.

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The Week.

To the demand of the President and the country that the duty on anthracite coal be repealed, the protectionists in Congress propose, at last, to yield in a grudging and elusive fashion. They say they will rebate the duty for a twelvemonth. In this way, they think, they can quiet popular clamor and at the same time save their precious "system" from being meddled with. But are they not, after all, teaching consumers a dangerous lesson? That the tariff does bear heavily on the necessaries of life, and that a sufficiently united and vigorous protest can make even hidebound protectionists retreat—to have demonstrated those two truths seems to us to be setting an evil precedent. How do we know but the next demand will be for the repeal of the protection which monopolies enjoy? To withstand the very beginnings of regard for the consumer would have been the wiser course, purely from the point of view of the most far-sighted protectionist strategy. When once you begin to take off tariff taxes, you never can tell where you will be able to stop. Such temporary relief as is now promised in the matter of the coal duty should, of course, be welcomed, though we hope that the Democrats in the Senate will offer amendments untaxing beef and steel and wire fencing and glass, and compel the Republicans to go on record. But the great lesson for the people to take to heart is that they can get whatever they want, even from a protection-mad Congress, if they only insist upon it loudly enough.

The sudden agility of aged Republican Senators like Hoar or Platt of Connecticut in dodging on the question of the coal duties, has its amusing side. They raise grave Constitutional doubts about the power of the Senate to have anything to say about the tariff—that same Senate which has really made all the tariff bills of the last dozen years! Senator Lodge squirms painfully. Non-partisan and influential committees from Boston are bombarding him with this list of questions:

"(1.) Whether you favor the immediate removal of the duties on coal and beef?

"(2.) Whether you are willing to appear at a hearing of the Ways and Means Committee in behalf of the bills referred to them to put coals on the free list?

"(3.) Whether you will use your influence to have such a bill reported at the earliest possible moment?

"(4.) Whether you will, individually and as a member of the delegation from New England, do all in your power to secure the immediate passage by Congress of a free-coal bill?"

The poor man replies by introducing a bill for the removal of coal duties for *ninety days.*

Secretary Root learns "with regret" that the Beet-Sugar Association will not permit tariff relief for the Filipinos. Regret is proper enough, but when the Secretary goes on to assert that Oxnard's opposition is unintelligent and "preposterous," and to maintain that the bill should be passed nevertheless, he displays something very like insubordination. Of course, the Constitution makes the President and Secretary of War nominally higher authorities than Oxnard, but the Constitution does not run in the Philippines, and it is only beet-sugar that follows the flag. That Oxnard is fully aware of his own prerogatives, and means boldly to assert them, he makes plain in the little memorandum which he has filed along with his reluctant approval of the Cuban treaty. That act, he explains, must not be taken as an endorsement of reciprocity in general; and all the other reciprocity treaties, he declares, must be beaten. That settles it. Oxnard has exercised the veto power. *Bos locutus est.*

President Roosevelt, finally realizing the true condition of our Filipino subjects, has turned to the Congress which rejected his pleas for the Cubans, to beg $3,000,000 to keep our wards from dying of starvation in the fifth year of the American reign. The Philippine Commission has already spent $15,000,000 for the same purpose out of the insular revenues. Now it asks further aid lest the Filipinos die by thousands for lack of food, and under the flag that has been forced upon them against their will. The President, who now declares that the enactment of relief measures for the betterment of the Philippine Islands is "imperatively demanded by the situation in those islands," and who solemnly asserts that "serious calamity may come from failure to enact them," is the same Theodore Roosevelt who, on December 2, doubted whether the modern world had seen a "better example of real constructive statesmanship than our people have given in the Philippine Islands." In his entire reference to the unfortunate archipelago there were only words of praise and gratulation—of rejoicing, that is, over a situation which did not exist. The least that Congress can do is to vote the Filipinos, without loss of time, the sums necessary to keep them from dying of starvation. To end a similar horror in Cuba, the nation rushed into war in 1898. To relieve destitution in Armenia and India, our generous people put their hands deep down in their pockets and gave freely of their means. Chambers of commerce, churches, and philanthropic organizations vied with each other in this work of humanity. To give less freely now would be to notify the world that our own subjects are held less dear by us than those of other nations.

We are at a loss to understand the President's action in interfering to prevent, if possible, the choice of a Mormon Apostle as Republican Senator from Utah. In the first place, it looks like unfair discrimination. Mr. Roosevelt has disclaimed the right to interpose in Delaware to block the pure ambition of Addicks. Even in his own State, where it is proposed to return a notorious political corruptionist to the Senate, the President makes no sign of disapproval. Quay made his fight for reëlection in Pennsylvania, and the White House was dumb. What has Utah done, thus to lose among sovereign States her equal right to disgrace herself? Then, why object to an Apostle? The candidate in question, Apostle Smoot, is not a polygamist. He has made himself the head of the Republican party in Utah—"redeemed" the State, in fact, from Democratic control—and why should he not have the reward that goes with that position? Addicks has no clearer title, yet the President respects his; why draw the line at Smoot? It cannot be said that the latter, as an Apostle, would be out of place in the Senate. A certain apostolic succession already obtains in the Senate, if we may accept a witticism current in high circles in Washington. The common way there of discriminating between the two Senators named Platt is to refer to Senator Platt of Connecticut as "Judas *not* Iscariot." Apostle Smoot would be perfectly at home with his New York brother who carries the bag. If the House of Lords has its bishops, why should not the Senate have its Apostle? It was said by Dickinson in the debates in the Constitutional Convention that the true aim was, by "a refining process," to make the Senate as much like the English House of Lords as possible. It seems to us that the refining process which has given us hereditary legislators like Quay and Platt, and promises to furnish us a knight of gas and bribery like Addicks, might easily justify the introduction of a Mormon Apostle into the Senate, as the nearest approach to a lord spiritual that we have.

Time and the Supreme Court have vindicated the decision made by Mr. Gage as Secretary of the Treasury on the Russian sugar bounty question. He held that an export bounty was paid by Russia, although the Russian Government denied it. Accordingly, he ordered the imposition of a countervailing duty un-

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der the Dingley Act. The Russian Government replied by levying extra duties on a large number of articles of export from the United States, by which means a very promising trade was crippled. This condition of affairs still exists. It is much to be regretted that our exporters of iron and steel and machinery of various kinds should be deprived of a market which they had fairly won, since somebody else has done something else somewhere else; but the facts show that Secretary Gage had no option.

The passage of the Army Staff Bill by the House gives fresh ground for the belief that it will speedily become a law. While it is not a perfect measure, as Secretary Root has frankly admitted, it is a long step in the right direction. One by one the arguments against it have been met and shown to be without foundation. The cry that this was a foreign innovation was effectively answered by Gen. Corbin recently, who explained that it was the Americanization of a good European idea. The United States is certainly as much entitled to profit by a foreign advance in military organization as the Germans were by our riflepits and mounted infantry, as developed in the civil war. Gen. Miles's denunciation of the general staff plan was so plainly inspired by ill-will and was so completely answered by Gens. Schofield and Davis as to have been already forgotten. As for the Representative who declared that the bill merely created a fancy corps of officers to loaf in Washington without anything to do, he apparently had not even read the bill, and had certainly not studied its provisions. The army as a whole will heartily welcome this vital and far-reaching change, the attainment of which seemed quite hopeless five years ago. The only doubt expressed by army officers is whether the general staff will not be used by a certain ring of War Department officers for the continuance of the great influence they now possess, and even to increase it. The answer to this is that any army organization can be perverted if the executive authorities are bent upon having political influences control. If some future President awards the general staff places for purely political reasons, the desirability of the general staff itself will not be affected thereby. Fortunately, President Roosevelt has pledged himself to keep politics out of the army during his administration.

Answers filed on Monday by the railways to the Interstate Commission's inquiry regarding the rate advances, follow closely the line of President Ramsey's statement of last November. The Norfolk and Western replies that, since 1899, the company's annual bill for coal has increased 53 per cent., gasolene 100 per cent., nails 116 per cent., pig iron 124 per cent., coke 300 per cent., freight axles 70 per cent., and other materials in proportion. The Baltimore and Ohio, speaking more generally, declares that rise in cost of materials, during the two past years, has ranged from 39 per cent. for cotton waste to 164 per cent. for linseed oil. Mr. Ramsey's comparison, it will be recalled, was with 1897; since when, according to his company's figures, total annual cost of material and supplies had risen 237 per cent. Within the same time, average freight rates per ton per mile, and average passenger rates per mile, had decreased 10 per cent. In view of the fact that a very considerable increase in wages, even above the high rate already prevalent, has just been granted, the companies maintain that the raising of rates is fair and just. We fully agree with their position in this regard, and we are confident that the Commission will similarly endorse it. The proposed advance in rates is so far from a radical or extortionate measure, that it does little if anything more than restore the tariffs in force a year or two ago. If the railways were merely arguing that they ought to have a larger share in the profits of "good times," their position would be open to criticism. The more puzzling part of the question is, whether increased revenue, due to higher rates, will or will not offset increased expenses.

Gov. Odell's declaration, on Saturday, that he was in favor of Platt's reëlection, and that he would do "all in his power" to bring it about, was instantly branded as tricky and insincere in the columns of the *Sun*. But is it not degradation enough to have been compelled to come out for Platt? By so doing, Mr. Odell has made it evident that, to carry out his own plans, he is willing to consent to an act which he knows to be both harmful to the State and repugnant to the moral sense of his party. He is ready to sacrifice party morality to party regularity, and to follow a boss instead of convictions. There is, of course, nothing surprising in this to those who have watched Gov. Odell's recent course. His former readiness to appeal to the best elements of his party and of the State, he has shown increasing signs of intending to abandon, and to make himself simply a politician in office, prepared to stoop to any alliance to further his ends. This is bad enough, but we will not assume with the Platt organ that he means secretly to work against the man whose election he professes to desire.

We observe that the revolt of the three Republican Senators is proving a serious blow to our esteemed brethren of the up-State Republican press. Editors who have long been accustomed to receive ready-made editorials from the party boss along with their orders for county printing, were quite unable to realize at first that their mentor and benefactor was no longer supreme. They generally viewed with contempt the *Evening Post's* efforts to present to the public the truth about Platt, simply replying that he would be reëlected without Republican opposition. Doubtless they were instructed to this effect. A few grew suspicious even before the revolt, but when that came, panicky conditions developed rapidly, as they say in the market reports. Ready-made editorials were hastily removed from the forms, and innocuous discussions of such topics as "The National Debt of Turkey," "Arbitration in Germany," etc., were substituted. Editors who were bold enough to comment on the revolt at all, exhibited diplomatic tendencies. While deprecating any interference with the carrying out of Republican politics, they hastened to draw attention to the fact that the three Senators were still Republicans, having refused to join with the Democrats in electing the President *pro tem.* The attitude was one of mild rebuke which, if need be, could be shaded off later into acquiescence. Meanwhile, between every two lines could be read the question: Who is behind it all? They are still asking the same question.

Gen. Greene's conception of the duties of a Police Commissioner is certainly an original one, as Commissioners go in this city. He actually sees for himself whether the laws are enforced on Sunday, and has no hesitation in suspending without pay a captain in whose district he found an open violation of the liquor law. Moreover, he suspended the offender in his own station-house, where the latter was caught performing police duty in street clothes. If this official is promptly tried and punished, the effect upon his brother officers should be electrical. While Gen. Greene has as yet made no statement of the Administration's present intention in regard to the enforcement of the Excise Law, his actions are beginning to speak louder than words. He stated on Sunday, moreover, that New York would still be far from a "dry" city on Sunday if the law should be rigidly enforced. By this, we take it, he meant that the Raines Law hotels would still give abundant opportunities to those who must indulge in spirituous liquors every day in the week. This is a point the public constantly overlooks when mention is made of a general Sunday closing.

To be sought at once by District Attorney Jerome and by the greatest living painter must be counted a distinction, and Mr. Richard A. Canfield, as he sits for Whistler in London, may have a certain satisfaction in the thought that the District Attorney is "laying for" him in New York. A man hardly changes his heart with his residence; but Mr. Canfield abroad gives simply an impression of intelligent connoisseurship; at home

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he looks like a rather common proprietor of a great gambling establishment. It is fair to say that he has never played the collector against the croupier. His patrons are not of a kind to be attracted by his Chippendale furniture or his impressionist landscapes. His patronage of art is at least disinterested, if he does keep roulette wheels and the like behind his arras. There need be no confusion of mind in distinguishing between the accomplished amateur and the proprietor of various gaming "clubs." Mr. Canfield has never confused the two characters. We do not know where Mr. Canfield's pictures and porcelain are going, or what will be the end of Mr. Canfield the collector. If it were certain that his art treasures were going to the Metropolitan Museum, and he himself to heaven, we presume that the District Attorney still would exert every effort to send him meanwhile to State's prison. Stone walls may not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage for the art patron; for the gambling-house proprietor they will do very well indeed.

A report made to Mayor Low by the Municipal Art Society recommends the appointment of a commission to consider broadly the judicious development of the city. The need of a comprehensive plan of public improvements becomes greater as the growth of the city becomes more rapid. Already lack of foresight in providing for parks and public-building sites alone has cost New York millions of dollars, and the preliminary project of the Municipal Art Society, though it certainly calls for vast sums jauntily enough, might easily prove an economy in the long run. The commission which the Mayor is asked to appoint would not be in any exclusive sense an art committee. It would study all matters that affect primarily the appearance and, next, the convenience of this city. Thus it would not only deal with parks, public buildings, and monuments, but would also coöperate with the bodies which have the control of the rapid-transit system and of the river front, to the end that all public improvements be carried out with an eye to the sightliness of the city as a whole. It will be felt that the usefulness of such a commission will depend upon the sagacity with which it keeps clear of fads and remembers the present condition of the city treasury. On the artistic side, such a commission could give the Mayor valuable suggestions; on the business side, it would do well to work upon lines of expenditure laid down by him. Otherwise there will be no check upon planning costly castles in the air.

The Statute-Revision Commission of Minnesota has discovered a way to remedy a defect in the direct-nomination law. When it was first applied in Hennepin County, the Australian ballot provisions were adhered to strictly, each voter at the primary receiving a ticket which bore the names of the candidates of all the parties. This furnished the opportunity for unscrupulous voters in one party to foist on the other party the weakest of its candidates—a trick which the Minneapolis Democrats are said to have played on their political opponents. It was a game at which two could play, and it was apparent that a law framed to secure the best nominees might be perverted to choose the worst. Even the most strenuous of ballot reformers had to consent to a division of the primary tickets by parties, the limitation of each voter to one ticket, and a declaration by him of party affiliation. Abandonment of the secrecy of the ballot was a smaller evil than the other. Now, by a simple device, both evils can be cured. The commission is to recommend that all the tickets be printed on one ballot, but that a voter be restricted to "checking" the candidates of one party only, any attempt to "split" the ticket making it void. Adoption by the Legislature of such an amendment would meet a general criticism, and increase the interest in the Minnesota experiment.

A time-honored vicious circle appears in rejuvenated guise in the first annual message of Gov. Bates of Massachusetts. Speaking of State contracts, he declares that to award them outside the State reduces prosperity, which reduces taxable resources and, consequently, revenue. On that theory, the more you save money by accepting bids from foreign contractors, the more you impoverish the State and impair its ability to meet its contracts. *Vice versa*, by spending enough money at home you can increase your revenues indefinitely. Such, in its crudest form, is the familiar doctrine of keeping the money, or the trade, at home. But Gov. Bates has worked out a calculus by which State boards may be guided in concrete instances.

> "Boards and commissions should make certain, when work is awarded by them to contractors outside because their bids are less than the bids of those within the State, that the saving to the Commonwealth is sufficiently great not only to pay the extra cost of inspection of the product thus manufactured at a distance, but also adequately to compensate the Commonwealth for its indirect loss through the loss to its own wage-earners by reason of the work being done elsewhere."

It might be objected that the calculation of the "indirect loss" on a given contract is a difficult one. Should this be said, Gov. Bates has still another reason for keeping the contracts at home. Bids by contractors from States which have other labor laws (permitting longer hours of labor, for example) than those of Massachusetts, are in the nature of the case suspect:

> "In other words, it is unjust to our own manufacturers to require them, while conforming to the laws of our Commonwealth in regard to the employment of labor, to compete with outside manufacturers who do not conform to such laws, and who, for that reason alone, are able to underbid our own manufacturers in the competition."

Here again is a calculation which it would baffle a trained statistician to make with accuracy. Massachusetts contractors are not likely to suffer under the test either of "indirect loss" or unfair competition. This economic know-nothingism of Gov. Bates comes with singular ill grace from the chief executive of Massachusetts.

The *National Geographic Magazine*, Washington, for January, appears to be in a mood of sardonic humor akin to that of the ancient Sphynx. It propounds, on a postal card, a series of riddles that nobody can possibly answer. The first one is embraced in the title of a so-called note: "Is Germany the cause of Denmark's refusal to sell her West Indian possessions?" Of course, nobody who knows the damning facts is going to reveal them, and nobody else can. Assuming, however, that Germany has been guilty in this particular, the next question comes: "Why?" What was her motive for thus interfering with *our* purchase of those islands? To this question the national geographer gives his own answer, thus:

> "It is well known that Germany has always wanted Denmark, and if, by some peaceable means, the kingdom of Denmark should become a state of the German Empire, the Danish West Indies would not have changed sovereigns, but yet the German fleet could have its station there."

Which would, of course, make us all shake in our shoes. For, although England has had us hemmed in by naval stations at Halifax, Bermuda, Nassau, and various other neighboring places for more than a hundred years, and we have never considered ourselves in any danger therefrom, yet if Germany should have one station in West Indian waters what would become of the universal Yankee nation? But the last geographical query is the one which stumps us, namely: "Would the Monroe Doctrine interfere with this arrangement?" More than usual gloom attaches to this problem because, in order to answer it, one must know what the Monroe Doctrine is. As we do not know, and as we consider the question put to us at our peril by virtue of the postal card on which it comes, we answer it by asking a few others, viz.:

> "If England and France should have a war, and England should capture all the French West Indies, would the Monroe Doctrine interfere?
> "If France should capture all the English islands, would the Doctrine interfere?
> "If each of the belligerents should lose its own islands and capture the other's, would the Doctrine have anything to say about that?"

There are Swedish and Dutch islands in Caribbean waters also, but we shall not put any more cross-interrogations to the Sphynx till the foregoing are answered.

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THE PRESIDENT'S MINIMUM.

We could barely mention last week the authorized statement from the White House of the least that the President will accept from Congress in the matter of anti-Trust legislation. It must be, to his confident Western admirers, a disappointing minimum. Is the whole valiant programme of last summer to be whittled down to this? All that the President now urges is such an amendment of the law as will prevent common carriers from giving rebates or making discriminations. This, and a commission of inquiry, is the sum of his asking. The Republicans in Congress will, no doubt, give him his commission. Inquire till the crack of doom, provided you do nothing. Commissions mean salaries, and as for salaries, Congressmen have a vested right to place them where they will do the most good. Whether the President will obtain his desired legislation to prevent "discriminatory practices affecting interstate trade," is much more doubtful. He will not if the Republican leaders think that thereby the interests of their clients, the Trusts, will be at all threatened.

This is the great truth which Mr. Roosevelt is in the painful way of finding out. He is in the hands of his enemies. The managers of his party have not the slightest idea of accepting his plan of campaign against the Trusts. They will listen to him, they will humor him, they will praise him; but they will do nothing. This is the ugly fact which, in Huxley's phrase, is killing the beautiful theory of President Roosevelt. His announcement of what he will take to cry quits, is necessarily written *diminuendo*. It threatens him with classification in his own category of contempt—"men who mean well but cannot do things." At best, and on his own showing, he is but a half-way doer, and cannot blame us if his Trust thunderings in the index, compared with his final pleas, remind us of the lines in the *Anti-Jacobin:*

"That ardent soul
Who went on half a mission to the frozen pole,
And then returning from th' half-finished work,
Wrote half a letter to demolish Burke."

If it be said that the President has, in the end, discovered the immense difficulty of drafting a law to reach the evils of Trusts, the proper comment is (1) that he should have thought of that at the beginning, and (2) that he should not have put away the one definite remedy which lay at his hand, and which could have been enacted into law by a bill of three lines. We mean, of course, the shearing away of the tariff privileges of Trusts. But that did not enter into the President's soaring thoughts. His mind was filled with the idea of regulation, and publicity, and the prevention of over-capitalization, and discrimination between good monopolies and bad ones. But all of that he has now thrown by the board, and calls upon Congress to prevent Trusts from enjoying railway rebates. On these, he says, they "fatten." Possibly, but we know that some of them fatten on tariff duties, so why not ask Congress to apply the Banting method to them at that point, too?

The reason given by the President in his message—repeating the cry first raised, we believe, by that sworn enemy of monopoly, Senator Aldrich—was that "the small producer" would suffer if the tariff advantages of Trusts were cut off. But observe how his more recent statement utterly refutes this former argument of his own. "Small enterprises," he now says, "have certain advantages over large combinations, and will *live and thrive if assured of an open and fair field.*" Not a word about the tariff as the parent of their prosperity! The Attorney-General is even more explicit on this point. "Small individual enterprises not uncommonly spring up and thrive within the shadow of the larger ones, . . . realizing large profits because of the close economies possible through direct, personal, interested management." At one blow the boasted superior economies of Trusts knocked on the head, and the last vestige of brains dashed out of the "small producer"! It is time this defunct fraud were decently buried.

"I can easily," said Senator Hoar last week, "understand the impatience and indignation" of men who see "an artificial being, with an artificial capital and an artificial stock, crushing out all domestic competition by an adroit and illegal artifice, and getting control of the home market." We should think so, if he reads the Massachusetts papers! And the venerable Senator said that he did not "wonder" that the remedy of removing the tariff had "occurred to some good men." He said it was even "worth thinking of," which is a great concession from so stiff a protectionist. But he thought he could find a "better" remedy—namely, in that anti-Trust bill of his own, of which he presently said that it was "exceedingly imperfect," might need to be modified in "all of its provisions," but was "all I have to offer to-day"! This is to make the whole anti-Trust movement ridiculous. President Roosevelt, after frank abandonment of his original grandiose programme, and his humble request for one crumb of comfort in the shape of legislation against rebates, cannot shut his ears to the rising cry for relief by the route of tariff legislation, without bringing his own sincerity under grave suspicion.

EFFECTIVE PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Senator Vest, whose mind burns clear in the midst of his failing bodily powers, has just shown, in his running debate on the coal tax with the Republican all-comers, what degree of truth there is in the current laments about the decline of oratory. An orator in the traditional sense Mr. Vest never was, even in his prime. He had neither the physical presence, nor the voice, nor the personal magnetism—nor even the finished rhetorical art—which we associate with great public speaking. But he was always a formidable debater; and the ready way in which he bowled over one Republican Senator after another, and the eager attention with which this feeble old man was listened to by both floor and gallery, bore witness to the fact that decay had not yet touched his nimble intellect.

What are the qualities which make his antagonists dread him? First—and especially in tariff questions, where he has ever been masterly—sound information. He knows whereof he affirms. Many a glib protectionist, like Senator Hale on one occasion, has had reason to regret challenging Senator Vest's accuracy. He goes documented as a cowboy goes armed, and the result of an encounter is as dangerous in one case as in the other. Then he is perfectly fearless and honest. He is willing to tell the truth and shame, not merely the devil (many a man is ready to do that), but, what is much rarer, shame his own party. Otherwise, he could not have made so overwhelming a retort as that with which he silenced Senator Aldrich. That gentleman took occasion to sneer at Mr. Vest's free-trade opinions, as held "only when they did not count." Why had not the Democratic party, when in power, done what it now rebuked the Republican party for not doing? "We wanted to," was the Missouri Senator's response, as swift as lightning, "but the same interests which you now represent 'held up' the Senate then as they are doing to-day." What are you going to do with a man who thus speaks the thing he will, whether girt by friend or foe? In biting description, too, Senator Vest has a tongue to make corruption wince—as witness this condensed and truthful account of a protective tariff:

"I have had occasion to say, and I repeat it deliberately, the tariff is an interdependent mutuality of greed. When you once establish it, it is established for all time to come, never to be reduced if it is possible to prevent reduction. The protected industries are like a brood of English sparrows. When one gives a cry of distress, the air is darkened with the whole brood rushing to its rescue."

By an instructive coincidence, we find Justin McCarthy writing in last week's *Outlook* of a speaker who has the ear of the House of Commons in as remarkable a degree as Senator Vest has that of the Senate, yet who is also no orator, in the conventional meaning of the word. It is Mr. Bryce of whom he is speaking. This scholar, this professor, who uses a conversational tone and discards all oratorical graces, fills the House with interested listeners as can few men not members of the Government and speaking with the weight of official authority.

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Let the word go round the library or smoking-room, "Bryce is up," and there is a rush into the House. Everybody knows that he is speaking because he has something to say. Mr. McCarthy reports hearing Conservative members grumble a little at being compelled to drop book or letter or cigar and hear a man whom they could not afford to disregard. "Bryce is on his legs—I must go in and hear what he has to say."

Here again we see the power of solid information and intellectual honesty to command a hearing. It has been said of Lord Brougham's highly wrought and prolix oratory that the listener was sure he was being bored, and was not sure he was being instructed. But the man who is saturated in matter, as Mr. Bryce is, leaves no doubt on the latter point. The speaker who knows, who can condense and still be lucid—avoiding that chief sin of "putting a plain thing so as to perplex and mislead a plain man"—need complain of no decline in the effectiveness of public oratory, whatever be his audience.

If there be, indeed, any real decline in Congressional or Parliamentary speaking, we think it is more the fault of the hearer than the speaker. As party tyranny and the caucus control the voting on more and more subjects, the main nerve of oratory—the desire to persuade—is more and more cut through. "You have changed my convictions, but not my vote," is a compliment which may provoke a smile on the face of the powerful debater, but it certainly will not encourage him to renewed effort. Gladstone's oratorical impulse was brilliantly analyzed by Bagehot; he believed he could convince his audience; "he knows an argument which will be effective, one for one and another for another; he has an enthusiasm which he feels will rouse the most apathetic, an illustration which he hopes will drive his meaning into the heads of the stolid." But suppose the orator knows that the weight of voting is absolutely determined in advance, no matter what the weight of argument be? His only remedy is to speak over the heads of his immediate hearers to the country at large. That, in truth, is the resource to which Congressional debaters are more and more driven. They turn from Senators whose intellects are chained to party, and address the people still possessed of open minds. Otherwise they could not speak at all, except with the metallic iteration of a phonograph. And, as we say, with the persuadable, with those who do not require the orator to furnish them an intellect as well as reasons, there is no real ground for thinking that pungent and informed public speaking has lost its power.

GOV. ODELL'S MESSAGE.

By his message, Gov. Odell has practically washed his hands of canal improvement. He has thrown the entire responsibility on the Legislature, where, indeed, it properly belongs, carefully refraining from specific recommendations of his own. He does say that he favors the 1,000-ton barge canal, and that he has become convinced that the only feasible route is along the more costly interior line; but while affirming these conclusions, he presents to the Legislature the most serious arguments against any large expenditures for canal improvements. He gives also the details of a plan for increasing the speed of canal boats through a nine-foot waterway, by the use of electric motors served by water power supplied by the State. He computes the cost of the proposed barge canal, adding together the original estimates and the interest charge for fifty years, with an allowance of 20 per cent. for contingencies, and arrives at the somewhat startling sum of $255,000,000, from which, however, he states that the interest on the sinking fund should be deducted.

These figures are certain to have a very chilling effect upon rural members who might be inclined to support the canal bill. On the other hand, it should be remembered that nothing could more seriously menace the ultimate success of canal enlargement than another attempt to belittle its cost. The blow at the canals dealt by those who, in 1895, carried through a $9,000,000 appropriation, knowing that the amount was hopelessly inadequate to accomplish the work proposed, was well-nigh fatal. The Governor evidently intends that no such mistake shall be made again. It seems hardly fair, however, to lump the principal and interest together and call the result the total cost of the canal, without making any account of the benefits derived from the work concurrently with the payments of interest. Engineer Bond estimates the cost of the interior barge canal by the present route modified, at about $80,000,000. It is true that this sum, with the aggregate of the interest for fifty years added, would amount to $200,000,000, but only the $80,000,000 would represent bonded indebtedness. The interest during the entire fifty years might or might not be a charge which the people would have to pay. If tolls were reimposed on the completed canal, or if some other system were devised for collecting the interest and maintenance cost from the canal traffic, it would not be a charge upon the State, and it is therefore clearly misleading to embrace the original cost and the interest as a single item.

There is a touch of unconscious humor in the Governor's warning against hasty conclusions as to the proper remedy to be applied. The canals are to-day substantially as they were in 1862, with the exception of a few improvements in locks and the worthless construction under the $9,000,000 appropriation of 1895. The subject has been considered in one form or another almost every year since 1862. This does not indicate any great danger of drawing hasty conclusions. The fact is, moreover, that every possible excuse for delay has now been exhausted, and all further attempts at postponement must be recognized as hostile to any canal improvement whatever. An expensive survey of all possible routes has been made, a well-equipped commission has reported, all possible data are now available. The question is presented to the Legislature without the embarrassment of specific recommendations from the Governor, such as those of 1901 and 1902. But one thing now remains, and that is definite, final action by the Legislature, submitting some canal project to the people.

Gov. Odell's recommendation of the repeal of the Special Franchise Tax with substitution in its place of a tax on gross earnings, has started a fresh discussion of a subject which had fallen into comparative neglect. Everybody knew that the matter was before the courts on questions of Constitutionality, and everybody had confidence that these would be decided rightly in the course of time. There was no disposition in any disinterested quarter to abandon the principle of the franchise tax merely because the machinery for carrying it into effect might be pronounced obnoxious to the Constitution. On the contrary, the settled opinion of the State was in substantial agreement with that of Gov. Roosevelt, as declared by himself in an interview at Rochester shortly after the present litigation began: "The franchise tax has come to stay." Now Gov. Odell says that the franchise tax seems to him, through the few years that it has been in operation, to be "inequitable and a source of annoyance and constant litigation." A tax is usually an annoyance to those who are called upon to pay it. There is constant litigation on the subject of taxes of all kinds. The litigation referred to by the Governor was not instigated by the public authorities. It was not of their seeking. If blame is to be cast on anybody, it must fall upon those who procured the amendment of the law and then attacked it on the ground that the amendments were unconstitutional.

But if we concede that the Special Franchise Tax is a source of annoyance and litigation, is it also inequitable? That question was very fully debated at the time of its enactment, and the contrary opinion prevailed. It prevailed against lobby influences of great strength and skill, backed by all the force of the Republican machine. The bill was passed because public opinion demanded it. It might have been inequitable for all that, but all the presumptions were in favor of its fairness and justice. If anybody affirms that it was inequitable, the burden of proof is on him. The law provides simply that

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the franchise, or right to use public highways for certain purposes, such as street railways, pipe lines, conduits, etc., shall be included in the assessments of real estate for purposes of taxation. In other words, this kind of property is required to pay, according to its value, just the same rate of tax as the lots, houses, stores, and factories alongside. Provision is made for deducting any other tax paid by the corporation, and there is not a doubt that all such taxes will be marshalled in fullest magnitude by the corporations before the assessment is confirmed. Nor is there any doubt that full and fair consideration will be given by the taxing authorities and the courts to all such payments. Where, then, do we find the inequitable features of the Franchise Tax Law?

There is a maxim of fiscal science that we ought not to tax the things that can run away or hide themselves. Personal property of this sort does generally escape taxation, either with or without law, and the better opinion of publicists is that no attempt should be made to tax such things, since in the few cases where the tax is enforceable, it falls upon the few citizens who are too honest to dodge their taxes, or upon widows and orphans and the more helpless classes of the community. So the practice in most of the cities of New York is to put five-sixths of the taxes on real estate, simply because real estate cannot depart from the jurisdiction or hide itself, or otherwise escape payment. There is no other reason in the world why real estate should be thus overtaxed, as compared with personal property. The common belief is that the personal property in Greater New York exceeds in value the real estate therein; yet the assessment rolls of the latter foot up $3,330,647,579, while the former stands at only $526,400,139. Now, the franchises to use streets for railway and other purposes stand upon exactly the footing of real estate as regards the reasons for including them in the assessment rolls at their true value: if they are so included, they cannot escape the jurisdiction, they cannot hide, they cannot dodge. This is the very reason why the owners of these franchises fought the tax so desperately. This is the reason why they now want to try some other plan. They want to put themselves back into some category where they will have opportunity to avoid paying a fair price for the privileges which they enjoy. They complain of the great increase of taxation as though they were the only ones thus mulcted. Have the owners of real estate suffered nothing in that way since Greater New York came into being?

SUCCESS OF THE TENEMENT LAW.

It is already evident that the annual battle for tenement-house reform will have to be fought over again during the present session of the New York Legislature. No radical improvement in tenement conditions can fail to excite antagonism. There are the builders, whose profits are in direct ratio to the poor quality of the houses put up; the loan operators, who do a thriving business in financing the builders; the property owners, who sell them lots; the material men, who supply the lumber, brick, mortar, and paint. All these interests are now preparing for another onslaught upon the building-law passed in 1901. In Brooklyn the law was made an issue in the recent election, and in one Senatorial district the successful candidate was avowedly for its repeal. Gov. Odell recommends its amendment, as it was understood he would do, and a bill for that purpose has already been introduced.

Yet opponents of the new law have surely chosen their time badly for a campaign against it. A year ago its success was not clearly demonstrated. At present, however, all that the advocates of the reform have to do is to point to the actual results already achieved. In their light, no reasonable opposition can stand. Despite adverse circumstances, more than three hundred new tenement-houses are now under way in Manhattan and the Bronx. Their aggregate cost is more than $17,000,000. Just now, it must be remembered, the cost of building and of building materials is abnormally high. Slow delivery of structural steel is a constant bar to building operations, and, owing to the condition of the money market, there is considerable difficulty in placing building loans. Moreover, the additional supply of tenement houses last year was out of all proportion to the immediate demand. When it became known that the new law would be signed by Gov. Odell, there was a scramble among architects and builders to get in plans under the less stringent statute. From January 1 to April 12, 1901, plans for nearly 1,000 new houses of the old type were filed. Of these more than 700 were actually built and thrown upon the market. Yet, in spite of all this, there was a certain amount of tenement construction on new lines last year, though nothing comparable to the marked activity of the past few months.

The new building movement is not confined to any one section. Scores of houses are going up alike for the accommodation of the Hebrews of the lower East Side, the denizens of Little Italy, the negro population west of Seventh Avenue, and the high-class apartment dwellers bordering on Central Park, to say nothing of the constant growth of Harlem. The effect is visible in the real-estate market, where the demand for tenement-house sites is now the most notable factor. The truth is, the builders have discovered that there is a great demand for houses built under the new law. These tenements rent far better than the old type, and there is an active investment demand for them. Last fall the first batch of the new houses—about thirty—was ready for occupancy, and the tenement public was not slow in finding out the difference between them and the old ones. Especially was this true in the congested East Side. There the jerry-builder had been most rampant. On the one hand, the old-time houses of a former prosperous generation have been altered to furnish accommodations for ten or twelve families instead of one; while, on the other, there have been reared, by the hundred, six and seven-story tenements, in which three and four families have been huddled on each floor. Practically no provision for ventilation was made in these houses, and the occupants had to struggle for light and air, as well as for food and shelter. All the new houses, however, contain air courts of a minimum width of six feet, and there is not a window in one of them that does not open directly upon the outer air. The meagre airshafts and dark rooms of the familiar "dumb-bell" type are abolished; the narrow passageways have given place to lighted private halls; the plumbing and the sanitary arrangements are up-to-date.

The eagerness with which the tenement population take advantage of the new opportunities disposes of the stock argument against tenement reform. Its opponents have repeatedly asserted that the tenement population gets as good as it deserves; that it prefers to live in filth; that the ordinary decencies of life, to say nothing of its refinements, do not attract it in the least. Certain mythical bathtubs, installed in model tenements by misguided philanthropists, and utilized as coal bins by the occupants, have always figured in discussions of housing reform. The fact is, however, that there has been little less than a rush for the new houses, and this in spite of the fact that the rentals are considerably higher than in the old type of building. The evidence is conclusive that the tenement sections have been more than ready for these light and airy houses. Nor is there complaint that the renters do not utilize and care for their every convenience and comfort.

What argument there can be for repealing or amending the new law it is very difficult to see. It is one of the greatest steps forward in civilization that we have taken for years. The best class of builders do not ask that it be retraced. They are perfectly satisfied with the new régime. But there is always a certain faction, more noisy than numerous, who object to the slightest official interference with their operations. All improvement in housing conditions has been made, little by little, in the teeth of opposition from this selfish source. Enlightened public sentiment, however, has always routed them before,

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and we do not doubt that it will be able to repel their latest attack.

A YEAR'S PROGRESS IN SOUTHERN EDUCATION.

"Unofficial statesmanship" was the name given by Dr. Felix Adler on Thursday evening to the efforts of the General Education and Southern Education Boards to uplift the South; and he added that unofficial statesmanship in various fields is doing more to advance the nation than all the legislators in the Union. Every one who has looked into the activities of these two Boards, or who heard their work described at the meeting in Carnegie Hall on Friday evening, must be deeply impressed with the value of the patriotic and unselfish work being done in their name. They have been still further defined as organized philanthropy working on business lines, and taking advantage of the corporate spirit which is characteristic of the hour in our industrial development.

The field of activity into which these Boards have entered lay ready for tilling when they began their work. The South had already developed leaders who recognized its educational needs, like Dr. Alderman, President of Tulane University; Dr. McIver, head of one of the leading Southern colleges for women; and Dr. Dabney of the University of Tennessee—all among the speakers at Carnegie Hall. They had perceived, moreover, that in this question of education is involved the moral, social, and industrial development of both races which populate the South. Sparsely inhabited in stretches, and with more than 90 per cent. of its people leading a rural life, for the most part wholly out of touch with the outside world, it became evident to those leaders and to the Northerners like Mr. Robert C. Ogden and Mr. W. H. Baldwin, jr., who became interested, that the South needed an educational revival before all else. It is characteristic of the wisdom with which the movement has been launched that it began at once to work through the Southerners whose eyes could not bear to look upon the ignorance, illiteracy, and backwardness so notable in their section. These men are now the active field agents of the new movement. They are on the firing line in a battle for civilization, the echoes of which are to be heard far beyond the shores of our own country. "It is a work," declared Mr. Michael Sadler, a well-known English educational authority, after returning from the South last summer, "which is not merely national, but international, in character."

The General Education Board, which took shape a year ago, but whose home office in this city was not organized until April last, has made the rural school its objective. It supplies the moneys it receives from individuals to the furtherance of this cause; while the Southern Educational Board strives to create a thirst for education throughout the Southland. The General Board early decided that its best way of approaching the public schools was through the State and county superintendents and departments of education. It began at once to arrange for State conferences with these officials in order to explain its objects, to get information as to local needs, and to insist upon the necessity of local taxation for school purposes. Three of these conferences have been held, in Georgia, North Carolina, and Louisiana; those in Virginia, Alabama, and Florida are arranged for. They have already excited remarkable enthusiasm and much valuable discussion, particularly on the subjects of taxation, the education of the negro, the consolidation of school districts, the transportation of pupils, and the beautifying of schoolhouses and grounds. In North Carolina the work of consolidation has progressed so rapidly that the Board's agent is able to report the abolition of one school district for every other day in the year 1902, and the building of a schoolhouse every day in the year.

Each State has its separate and individual problems, every one of which must be carefully considered. In North Carolina, for instance, there is a liberal statutory provision for local taxation. The task here is to induce the districts to vote it. In Guilford County the Board offered to duplicate all private subscriptions up to $4,000 in each district where a special local tax was levied for free public schools. A steady campaign on behalf of local taxation has been made by Gov. Aycock and leading politicians and educators. In Georgia, there being practically no Constitutional permission to levy local taxes for schools, the movement naturally takes on a different aspect. Here the Board has lent its means and influence to the lengthening of the term and to consolidating schools in order to show how little taxation would be required to improve and enlarge them. In this case it has given money only where the citizens have done their share in raising funds.

But the Board has been active in many other directions. It is establishing a model school for negroes near Athens, Ga. Contributions aggregating $60,000 have been made to fourteen schools for colored people, with the special object of educating teachers. Summer schools for colored teachers have been established at Hampton and Tuskegee, and the Board is coöperating with six summer schools for white teachers. It has given varying sums to schools for the training of white teachers, for example, at Athens, Ga., Knoxville, Tenn., Greensboro, N. C., and Troy and Montevallo, Ala. Meanwhile, its New York office is becoming a storehouse of information about every school district and every college or normal school in the South. And this is merely part of the astonishing record of nine months of activity. Hitherto the Board has appealed publicly to no one for financial aid. With its machinery and plans perfected, it will probably call upon every friend of the cause to make it the responsible clearing-house for all forms of education that it ought to be.

Perhaps most important of all is the fact that this undertaking is giving the men and women of the South a chance to aid in the uplifting of their States which is being heartily welcomed by the best elements in every community. It has already inspired many deeds of genuine patriotism. Of this the act of the superintendent of schools who declined a college professorship carrying two and one-half times the salary he was receiving rather than lay down his county work and the agency of the General Board, is merely a type, but a noble one. This readiness to serve the State and one's fellow-men unselfishly is the most encouraging sign of a growing recognition that the educational path is the only one out of the South's overwhelmingly difficult social and industrial problems.

COUNTESS CESARESCO.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., January 1, 1903.

Why, when women take so easily to novel-writing, in which the fortunes and psychology of imaginary persons are their subject, have they so little desire or power to portray the characters, motives, and acts of real men and women? This question recurred to me again and again in reading the recent volume of 'Lombard Studies,' by Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco, the only living English woman of letters who has signally succeeded both as a writer of biography and of essays. So little has been made public about the career of this remarkable woman, whose position among her literary contemporaries is now assured, that an outline of it may be welcome.

Evelyn Carrington was born about 1860, her father being the Very Rev. Henry Carrington, Dean of Bocking, Braintree, and her mother, Juanita, daughter of Capt. Haseldene Lyall, of the Royal Navy. The Carringtons are an old English family, tracing back to Norman beginnings; the Lyalls are Scotch—the Red Comyn, Bruce's rival, being among their historic forerunners. More important than this remote inheritance is the fact that Dean Carrington's mother, the grandmother of Countess Cesaresco, was Pauline Belli, an Italian. Pauline's father, Giovanni Belli, served as secretary to Warren Hastings in India, where he became acquainted with Sir Edmund Carrington, first Chief Justice of Ceylon. Pauline Belli and her two sisters, one of whom married Dr. Howley, subsequently Archbishop of Canterbury, were among the great London beauties of their day, and Pauline's portrait by Lawrence, now in the South Kensington Gallery, certainly justifies her reputation. We should add that the Belli had intermarried with the Spanish Bivar. Believers in heredity will find no difficulty in proving that Evelyn Carrington, with such

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a mixture of ancestry, was predestined to be a cosmopolite.

An accident in childhood, however, seems to have been more directly responsible for her development. When she was seven years old she suffered from a sunstroke, which fortunately saved her from being put through the conventional education of English gentlemen's daughters. Consecutive study was forbidden; she spent much time out of doors, and had many and strange pets—her fondness for animals, as appears in many places in her works, being almost as strong as her love of the chief human concerns. She had a nook to herself in her father's study, and there she browsed at will—no doubt more under his direction than she imagined. Shakspere she spelled out for herself. This training, prolonged through childhood and youth, seems shockingly desultory to the devotees of routine pedagogy; but in her case it was marvellously successful. By the time she grew up, she knew far more of English literature than most young women, and she had, besides, command of French, German, Italian, Latin, and Greek, using them with the true scholar's ease. Her best teaching came from her father, a man of wide learning, who has made, but not printed, a metrical version of the Greek dramatists, and whose published translations—Victor Hugo's 'Poems,' and 'An Anthology of French Poetry'—show a perfect knowledge of French and unusual metrical facility. But besides book learning, the daughter got from her father an intense enthusiasm for the ideals of liberty—those ideals which thrilled every generous heart in the fifties and sixties, but which have been temporarily eclipsed through the dominance of Germany, with its inveterate love of despotism, its worship of force and of bureaucracy. From infancy she had heard especially of the Italian struggle for independence, a struggle then nearly achieved, which glowed with romance and heroism, and was the work of a wonderfully picturesque group of statesmen and soldiers leading millions of their responsive countrymen to national life. Cavour had but lately died. Garibaldi, a world-hero fresh from the glorious redemption of Sicily, was the idol of the multitude and the terror of ministries. Victor Emanuel, Mazzini, Ricasoli, Minghetti, and the great throng of patriots of the second magnitude, were in full vigor.

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!"

For Evelyn Carrington, with her Italian antecedents and liberty-loving spirit, the Italian cause and its heroes had an irresistible fascination. It is said that with her first pin-money she bought a photograph of Garibaldi, and it is certain that her earliest printed work, written while she was still a girl, was 'La Famiglia Cairoli,' an account in Italian of the Cairoli brothers, of whom all fought for Italy, several died in battle, and one, Benedetto, survived to be Prime Minister and to receive the dagger thrust which the assassin Passanante aimed at King Humbert in November, 1878. Of this first venture, Countess Cesaresco wrote in the *Academy* (of June 11, 1898), shortly after Gladstone's death:

"My mother and I were at Venice . . . and Mr. Gladstone was staying at the Grand Hotel at the same. My mother had often met him in her youth, when both were the guests of Mrs. Gaskell at Thornes House, and it thus came about that she presented him with a copy of 'La Famiglia Cairoli.' I shall always remember how, with the particular art of giving pleasure which he possessed in so eminent a degree, he seated himself afterwards in the middle of the *salle de lecture*, where the young author could not help seeing him, and spent about an hour in reading the little work, apparently with extreme attention. It was a trait which exactly revealed the man."

In 1882, at Rome, Miss Carrington married Count Eugenio Martinengo Cesaresco, a Lombard noble, whose family for a thousand years has been eminent among the Lombard nobility. "Wherever there was fighting going on, you might be sure to meet a Martinengo. The Lombard plains were not more familiar with the name than were the isles of Greece. Again and again it appears in the struggle of Europe with Asia, which was gallantly sustained from rock to rock by small handfuls of men to whom Christendom gave prayer, tears, and abandonment." One of these Martinenghi, Luigi, commanded the artillery in the siege of Famagosta against the Turks, and was hacked to death when, after a resistance of two years and five months, the Muslim took the city. The Count's father headed the insurrection of the Brescians when in 1848 they threw off the Austrian yoke; and in the following year, when they made their magnificent ten days' stand against overwhelming odds, he was the last to sheathe his sword.

The Count and Countess settled in one of the old Martinengo palaces at Salò, which has ever since been their home. The town of Salò nestles on the western bank of Lake Garda, where the lake is broadest and the last spurs of the Alps begin to melt into the Lombard plain. The palace itself, a large, rambling brick structure, comes by right by its fortress-like air, as it has withstood more than one bombardment; but when it was built, and for more than two centuries thereafter, it was the most famous pleasure palace in northern Italy. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu said of it that even in her time the King of France had nothing so fine, and that it was much larger than the royal palaces of Naples, Germany, or England. The view from it on all sides is superb. The hills among which the battle of Solferino was fought bound the southern horizon. From a little height one sees the promontory of Sermione, "Catullus's all but island," castle-crowned, jutting into the lake. And not far above Salò, as you go northward, the banks become precipitous, and for many miles your steamer skirts a succession of Gibraltars, each higher and more massive than Gib itself. Of the beauty and grandeur of Lake Garda, no one has written so well as Countess Cesaresco, in her essay 'Benacus, the Poet's Lake.' and she has told the story of the old palace, and of some of the most striking of the Martinenghi, in her 'Memorials of a Lombard House.' To one of the occupants of the palace—Vittoria Accoramboni, the maligned heroine of John Webster's 'The White Devil'—she has devoted a special article. I say "maligned," because, from the best evidence now obtainable, it seems improbable that the beautiful Vittoria was guilty of those crimes which Webster made the substance of his tremendous tragedy.

It is evident that Countess Cesaresco plunged heart and soul into her new life. She sought eagerly to know the condition of all classes of the people among whom she was thrown, and she found, as others have found, an inexhaustible charm in the Italian nature. She travelled much, visiting every part of the peninsula, with trips to Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica, and longer tours to the Levant and Western Europe. Her intercourse with England was uninterrupted, her journeys home frequent. Thus she kept abreast of the contemporary history and literature, not only of her adopted country, but of England, and the larger interests there; and she studied with insatiable curiosity in many fields.

It was in 1886 that she issued her first mature book, 'Essays in the Study of Folk-Songs,' a model of the way in which a vast store of various information can be presented with unfailing vivacity. The Countess speaks as a specialist, but with so much charm that she can hardly fail to attract any cultivated reader. As her book was printed by an obscure London publisher, it had, I suppose, no wide circulation; but more than one copy fell into the hands of discriminating readers. Among these was the late Prof. Francis J. Child, who praised it highly, both for its excellence as a contribution to the study in which he was master and for its literary merits. His praise makes others' superfluous.

In 1890 appeared her 'Italian Characters in the Epoch of Unification,' in which, as Mr. Gladstone remarked, she wrote like a "practised biographer." The book contains sketches of Ricasoli, Settembrini, Giuseppe Martinengo, Manin, the Poerios, Constance d'Azeglio, Mameli, Ugo Bassi, Nino Bixio, and the Cairolis—a group of sufficiently dissimilar persons to test the skill of any painter. Several of these personages she introduced for the first time to English readers; into all of them she breathed the breath of life. Her portraits of Ricasoli, the Tuscan Puritan, with his passion for integrity and his beautiful devotion to his daughter; of Marchioness d'Azeglio, the Piedmontese *grande dame*, witty, far-seeing, full of sense, patriotic; of Mameli, the boy poet, dying in defending Rome; of Bassi, the patriot priest, whom the Austrians shot like a malefactor; of the wise and unselfish and enduring Manin—these are some of the faces in her gallery which one does not forget.

In her method the Countess reminds you of Plutarch; for, instead of a chronological narrative, she picks and chooses, giving you the vital facts, letting you see her subject at a critical moment or in his characteristic actions, preferring an anecdote to a date, leaving on you such an impression of genuineness as the high creations of the artist leave. The essays disclose their writer's very wide sympathy; they abound also in keen criticism of men and politics. She has at her command an unusual reserve of irony. She is enthusiastic, partisan if you will, because she would not condescend to waste her time describing characters for whom she felt no enthusiasm. The book is almost invaluable for the student of the Italian Regeneration, because, while only Count Martinengo's features were drawn from life, the writer had access to many unprinted sources, and, above all, she had the unwrit-

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ten recollections of many of the companions of her heroes, with which to vivify or chasten her own impression.

Her next book, 'The Liberation of Italy, 1815-1870,' printed in 1894, is a popular account of the unification of Italy, and it is still the best short history of the period. Had its author produced nothing else, this would have distinguished her as possessing a rare combination of literary charm and historical insight. It would also have placed her in the company of two other English women who have done Italy a great service in interpreting Italy to English readers. One of these, Jessie White, wife of Garibaldi's lieutenant Alberto Mario, took part in the events of forty years ago, has written the lives of Bertani, Garibaldi, and Mazzini, and has long served as correspondent of the *Nation* and of English journals. The other, Linda White, wife of Pasquale Villari, the dean of Italian historians, has translated her husband's principal works. It would seem that in some English natures there is an affinity which lets them into the secret of Italy.

Countess Cesaresco's 'Liberation of Italy' lacks the highest constructive historical qualities, but it has the highest moral quality in a history—justice. To each of the great factors in the result—to Victor Emanuel and Cavour, to Mazzini and Garibaldi—it allots fair praise. And there are in it divinations like this, which outvalue many pages of ordinary historical writing: "The Italians are not a mystical people, but they have always followed mystical leaders."

But her short history proved to be the stepping-stone to a book of far higher excellence—to her life of Cavour in the Foreign Statesmen Series, which has not, to my knowledge, a superior in English. How good it is will be apparent to any one who cares to compare it with Freeman's 'William the Conqueror,' or Creighton's 'Wolsey,' or Mr. Frederic Harrison's 'William the Silent,' all of which have a similar range. Countess Cesaresco, in her 'Cavour,' has mastered the art of presentation, and attained to a symmetry, rather French than English, beyond the reach of any of these. And although her little book is all pith, it has that ease, that absence of laboriousness, by which real achievements in art are recognized. Countess Cesaresco has not only created literature, she has made a fine portrait of the great statesman who ranks with Napoleon and Bismarck in European history in the nineteenth century. She has succeeded in unfolding Cavour the man and Cavour the statesman, and in defining the scope of his influence in the political evolution of his time. Those best acquainted with the subject will best understand how many books went to the distilling of this short biography. Every sentence in it tells. It is the best brief life in English of a *dynamic* statesman, as Mr. John Morley's 'Burke' is the best brief life of a *philosophical* statesman.

The 'Cavour' was published four years ago, and now, in the late autumn of 1902, comes Countess Cesaresco's fifth volume, 'Lombard Studies,' a collection of essays, on many themes (Scribners). She describes Lake Garda, the Franciacorta, Rimini, and Lake Iseo; she tells the story of the Martinenghi; she reviews Arthur Young's 'North Italian Journey'; she brings together in a single paper all the known facts about Vittoria Accoramboni; she treats of Lombard agriculture; she criticises the popular stage, and gives in epitome the annals of La Scala Theatre. A varied programme, surely; but it is the method, and not the variety, that counts. One perceives that many of these are essays of high literary quality, not written to order, but for the love of it—in which experience, travel, observation, culture overflow for our delight. At their best they resemble, as literary essays should, the best conversation. They are now sprightly, now serious; they do not insist too brusquely even in enforcing an argument; in them a bit of landscape, a reminiscence, a literary or historical allusion, is introduced naturally, by the way, and then dismissed. If you have caught the point, good—for there is no stopping to explain; the conversation moves swiftly on into other channels. Take a single example: Speaking of the many modern plays based on the story of Francesca and Paolo, Countess Cesaresco says:

"Of the first in the field, Silvio Pellico, Foscolo said severely that the young man would have done better to leave Dante alone. It is very likely that from his classical standpoint he would have passed the same judgment on Leigh Hunt, Stephen Phillips, Gabriele d'Annunzio, and Marion Crawford. But, perhaps, Dante himself would not have complained. At any rate, his is the triumph, for there is one moment in the five plays at which the audience is lifted into an emotional seventh heaven nowhere else approached; the moment when each author introduces Dante's words and Dante's scene of the reading of the fatal book! Whatever else fails, that never does."

The artist's touch, unmistakable in this passage, characterizes the entire volume. The essays have, moreover, a very strong personal coloring. They are not abstract, or theoretical, but the concrete opinions, emotions, preferences of precisely the Countess Cesaresco, and no other. The 'Cavour' was objective, almost classic in its terseness; but these essays are subjective, as they should be, and reveal to us a strong and rare personality. The keen and inquisitive mind, hungry for knowledge of every kind, has its counterpart in capacity for high emotion. The revelation of individuality delights us; we are drawn from the book to its author.

Such, told very briefly, has been Countess Cesaresco's achievement. Although it is too soon to pass a final judgment on it, we already mark its versatility, its vitality, its charm, and its excellence, in fields where women have too seldom competed successfully with men. As the Countess is just in her prime, we may hope for other fruits of her extraordinary talents.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

A MODERN MIRACLE PLAY.

LONDON, December 19, 1902.

Few plays have been more talked about and looked forward to with greater interest than Mr. Lawrence Housman's "Bethlehem." In the late summer, announcements of its coming production in London were issued. In the autumn, just as rumors were spreading that rehearsals had begun, the censor refused a license on religious grounds, and his refusal really was an excellent advertisement, for he could not stop the performance, and, by closing the regular theatre to the "Nativity Play," called special attention to it. For months beforehand, reports that American managers were in keen competition for American rights were circulated. Then there was the curiosity to see the author of 'An Englishwoman's Love Letters' in his new rôle of religious poet, while the fact that a supposed rising genius was to produce the scenery and pictorial effects was considered by some people to be a matter of almost national importance. It is only a few years since the Art Workers at the Guildhall revived the old Masque, and showed what a body of artists, working together, could do to give new life to a forgotten dramatic form. The Elizabethan Stage Society had also shown what could be accomplished by following tradition without any scenery at all. A wall for them was a wall, and nothing more; a camel was a camel. But the Masque allowed free scope for spectacular as well as dramatic splendor, and the efforts of the Art Workers were not without results. Even such an exploiter of the footlights as Mr. Beerbohm Tree called in one or two of their number to help him in the production of "Herod"—with indifferent success, because he could not entirely renounce the professional traditions he loves and suppress himself, as an artist would, for the sake of the picture; as a consequence, he and his methods predominated the play, and, pictorially, it was a failure. Other Art Workers were commissioned to design the costumes in the conventional spectacle, but all the surroundings were so inartistic that their work did not tell. Mr. Gordon Craig, on the other hand, endeavored to carry out their ideas in the staging of Purcell's operas, and it was to Mr. Gordon Craig that Mr. Housman entrusted the scenic arrangement of his "Bethlehem." What was expected then was a modern adaptation of an old Miracle Play, made into a series of beautiful pictures for the benefit of a modern audience whom the old religious theme might or might not have the power to thrill.

The first of a short series of representations was given in the large hall of the Imperial Institute (now the University of London) on Wednesday evening, the 17th. The play itself has been published by Macmillan, and its argument can be briefly put. In the first scene, the shepherds see the star, and the Angel Gabriel brings them the glad tidings; in the second, the three Wise Men come from the East, following the star, and Gabriel sets them on their way; in the third, Mary and the Child, with Joseph, in the stable, receive the homage and gifts of shepherds and Wise Men. It is the old story that, since it was first told in stern reality under the skies of Palestine, has been retold again and again in verse and in paint; and the penalty Mr. Housman pays for choosing such a theme is that his version cannot escape comparison with the many that have been, more or less, his inspiration. He has kept close enough to the original Miracle Plays not to attempt the local color and exact detail now too often thought indispensable in poetry and art. His shepherds might watch their flocks anywhere, though it is true that, out under the stars, they talk a dialect said to be Shropshire, though not easily identified, and not worth identifying, as it is quickly dropped for Irvingese when they really have anything to

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say; his Magi and Holy Family belong to no special country or period. The whole is supposed to be treated symbolically. Nor should this be a drawback. Nowadays, art is too often sacrificed to archæology. But if Mr. Housman has avoided one pit, he has fallen headlong into another still deeper. For in trying to imitate the naïve simplicity of the old Miracle Play, he succeeds only in producing an affected, artificial, and self-conscious travesty. His lines are seldom musical, never impressive, and frequently, if not absolutely profane, they almost verge upon the farcical, as when, in a chant of the angels, the line "Ding dong bell" recalls the old nursery rhyme. At times, indeed, the verse suggests a jingle from 'Alice in Wonderland' into which Biblical expressions have been woven. I am writing of the play, however, as seen on the stage, not read in the book. But there can be no question that Mr. Housman's chief concern was with its dramatic representation, and it may be that much of the verse was written simply for adaptation to the music.

To come, then, to the performance. A little theatre had been made, as it were, within the great hall, and the seats were arranged in a canvas enclosure, evidently a marquee that had seen much service before. The first impression on entering was that one had come into a badly arranged circus tent. The stage was like a large box with an oblong opening, the walls and curtains of some dark material, more or less translucent. Outside the curtain, on either side, were minor stage entrances. I describe all this because it prepared one for a simple imitation of the early crude and miniature methods. The scene of the Shepherds, after "Chorus" had explained the action to the audience, might, in the description, seem as faithful and simple a copy, for above the group, huddled in a very out-of-place British sheepfold, with most real British hurdles, was a blue curtain, with six little holes in it, through which lights glared and flickered. If, in the manner approved by Bottom, the curtain had been labelled "This is a curtain," and the holes "These are stars," and the folds "These are not folds," one would have thought no more about it, and accepted the convention willingly as a protest against the exaggerated stage realism of the day. But this was by no means the simple effect desired. There was an only too obvious play of the electric light upon the curtain, a too obvious seeking, by means of shadows and a suggestion of mystery, to create effects so essentially modern that already one critic has described the background as a "miraculous blue nocturne"—though another, less respectful, has seen in it nothing but a bit of Liberty, up-to-date, iridescent portrait-painter's costume, out of which most of the spangles have dropped. And with the posing and grouping of the shepherds, dressed in brand-new meal sacks; in the tripping angels, fresh from the ballet, led by Gabriel, and all clad in draperies that seemed to have come out of the rag-bag; in the sudden radiance falling upon Gabriel's head and killing everything else; in the entrance of the Wise Men, the first of the three blacked like a negro minstrel, and all dressed in patchwork quilts—there was the same pretence of primitive simplicity with the same self-conscious straining after anything but primitive effects. One felt that, had a competent artist directed the stage management, beautiful pictures might have been obtained by the massing of colors, the lines of the different groupings, the play of light and shadow. As it was, the electric light constantly destroyed the illusion and revealed but the cheap and yet ambitious design, and lines and color were left to take care of themselves.

After a grand march round, recalling inevitably the Wild West, the first act and second scene came to an end. In the second act, one was first shown a view of Bethlehem and its gates, through which "Chorus" could barely squeeze, reminding one of the struggles of the man in the old Swiss weather-house, while the architecture was a mixture of "l'Art Nouveau" and Burne-Jones at his worst, and the lightning suggested the spectre of the Brocken; the shadows being far more important than the buildings that cast them. And then came the climax—the manger in the stable of Bethlehem. Here, again, it was unnecessary to produce a strictly Oriental scene. But it is difficult to understand why, if the traditional stable, with the ox and ass, were not to be represented, such pains were taken to give a Greek or Roman amphitheatre, in which the actors, mistaking themselves for the audience, came and went and posed upon the steps around the Virgin as she knelt upon the floor, bending over the invisible Child. For this Virgin one cannot readily forgive Mr. Gordon Craig. Though from innumerable Old Masters he might have borrowed models of beauty and simplicity and reverence, he could conceive of nothing nobler than a figure arrayed in the garments of Loie Fuller; and, from the moment she appeared until the end, the play was but a succession of tricolored limelight effects, apparently based on the methods of that famous American in her music-hall dance. To the devout, nothing could well have seemed more profane, unless it were the dismissal of the audience by "Chorus," an amateur mummer, with the benediction of the Church. In the old Miracle Play, organized and sanctioned by the Church, as still at Ober-Ammergau—or so I am told—the sincerity of everybody concerned makes all the difference. But in the modern imitation or deliberate adaptation, where nothing is quite genuine, from the attitude of the author to the interest of the audience, it is another matter, and I confess that the music-hall Madonna and final benediction came to me with something of a shock.

In this sort of imitation, if the old feeling as well as the old form cannot be revived or suggested, one is conscious only of the imitation. The old Morality, "Everyman," is as entirely out of harmony with the religious and dramatic ideals of to-day, but even on the modern stage one could not mistake the earnestness and complete sincerity of the author, and the result was impressive. But in "Bethlehem" it was impossible for me to lose sight of Mr. Housman and Mr. Craig—impossible not to hear the creaking of the machinery, not to see the dangling of the wires. It was as artificial, and therefore as tedious, as the sham primitive pictures and woodcuts, the sham mediæval furniture and decoration, that the followers of William Morris have made the debased fashion, with a note of irreverence added. After all, the real Miracle Play meant more to the people for whom it was written than an amusing or even serious drama. N. N.

GERHART HAUPTMANN'S "VITA NUOVA."

CAMBRIDGE, December 29, 1902.

The friends of Gerhart Hauptmann have had a rather arduous task during the last few years in trying to reconcile their admiration of his genius with the erratic and often far from agreeable paths which he latterly chose to follow. With every new production of his, it appeared less likely that he would succeed in attaining the high ideals of art held out in his "Versunkene Glocke"; and more and more the fear seemed justified that his creative power would finally succumb under the laborious effort to copy the whimsical appearances and outward paraphernalia rather than the essence of life. These doubts and misgivings have now happily been silenced; for at last the poet has given us a work of art which appeals to the eternally human, which touches the deepest chords of the heart, and which seems destined to live—the dramatic poem, "Der Arme Heinrich."

The legend of "Poor Henry," as everybody knows, was first treated by Hartman von Aue in an epic poem which is among the few real masterpieces of mediæval literature. Hartman tells us of a rich and powerful lord, Heinrich von Aue, who, like Job, in the midst of worldly affluence and splendor, is visited by a terrible affliction, being infected with leprosy; who, unlike Job, abandons himself—for a time at least—to grief and hatred and rebelliousness against God; but is finally healed, both bodily and mentally, through the pure faith and self-surrender of a simple peasant girl. The various stages of this inner conflict and its reconciliation Hartman brings before us with a charming simplicity and artistic grace. We see the unfortunate man despairing of all help because he has been told that he can be saved only by the blood of a pure maiden who, of her own free will, shall die for him. We see him retiring from the world, and seeking refuge in the lonely farmhouse of one of his tenants. We see him here attended and cared for by the farmer's little daughter, who, although a mere child, seems to divine the sick man's thoughts and wishes, and is so inseparable from him that he playfully calls her "my little wife." We see the child lying awake at night—for she has heard of the fatal condition of his recovery—weeping and grieving for the poor sufferer, until she suddenly is overjoyed and transfigured by the thought that it is *her* mission to save him. And we see this salvation finally brought about through a change of heart in Heinrich himself. Through his unwillingness to accept her sacrificial offering, through his decision to submit henceforth trustfully to the mysterious ways of God—in other words, through his inner transformation and renewal—his bodily recovery also is achieved. It is a poem, naïve, childlike, and mediæval in its tone, surrounded by an atmosphere of the miraculous and the wonderful; at the same time, however, breathing a spirit of unconditional trust in the power of goodness and in the promptings

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of the inner voice, and in so far essentially modern.

Among the poets of our own time, Longfellow, if I am not mistaken, is the only one who has attempted, previous to Hauptmann, to revive this mediæval tale. But the sweet and graceful singer of "Hiawatha" was not at his best when he turned to this subject, and it can hardly be said that his "Golden Legend" reproduces anything but the outward show of mediæval life. Of religious machinery and spectacular by-play there is plenty: Lucifer and his host, angelic chants, itinerant preachers, Minnesingers, revelling friars, devout pilgrims, pretty bits of romantic landscape after the manner of Tieck, even a whole Nativity Play, introducing the Wise Men of the East, the Angels of the Seven Planets, allegories of Virtues, Mary, Jesus, and God the Father himself. But there is no life in all these picturesque scenes and happenings, and the principal figures, Prince Henry and Elsie, are no human characters, and entirely fail to appeal to our deeper emotions. It is just here that the supreme merit of Hauptmann's drama lies. Hauptmann has gone to the root of the subject. He has stripped the mediæval tale of what is merely superficial and temporary; he has made it a poetic vessel of universal human suffering and sympathy; he has made it a perfect symbol of inner regeneration; and thus he has produced a work of art which will stand by the side of Goethe's "Iphigenie," and tell future generations of the heartburnings, the bitter struggles, and the exultant joys of a man who, perhaps more ardently than any living poet, is striving to express what moves, inspires, and presses upon our age.

It would be a futile task to relate in detail by what means Hauptmann has accomplished this feat; for the play is so much a drama of the inner life that it is well-nigh impossible to reproduce its movement by paraphrasing it—as impossible as it is to describe a symphony. A few remarks, however, about the leading motive of the whole may be helpful to the understanding.

Heinrich himself is conceived by Hauptmann as a strong, heroic nature, overflowing with life, burning for action. In years gone by, when a mere youth, he would often be a-hunting in the Black Forest, and then he would spend many a day on the farm of his old tenant Gottfried, whom he loved like a father, and with whose little daughter Ottegebe, then hardly out of her leading-strings, he would play and sport, taking her with him on his horse and caressing her as "his little wife." Since then nine years have passed. In these years he has seen and experienced much. He has taken part in the conflict between Pope Innocent and Emperor Frederick II.; has, for his allegiance to the Emperor, been inflicted with the Papal ban; has, under this ban, undertaken a crusade; and, at the Emperor's court in Palermo, as well as in the land of the Saracens, he has led a life of worldly joy, has revelled in the voluptuous beauty of the Orient and imbibed the teachings of the Koran. Now he returns to the scenes of his youth—the same and yet another. He is still impulsive; he still harbors strong desires and aspirations; but his hope of fulfilment is gone; he carries the worm within him; he has been marked by God; he is unclean, a leper. Thus far, he imagines, he has guarded the terrible secret—perhaps he hopes to guard it forever; for the present, he craves nothing but solitude, peace; and for this he has turned to the house of his old tenant. That, in reality, his disease has already been whispered about, at least among the common folk, becomes clear in the very first scene of the drama, when one of Heinrich's servants, terrorized by superstitious imaginings, takes precipitous flight.

While Heinrich for the time seems to have forgotten the little playmate of his youth, Ottegebe, who now is on the threshold of womanhood, has preserved his memory well. She is a sensitive, shy, visionary being. With the peasant lads and lasses she mingles little; her favorite stay is with Father Benedict in his forest hermitage, and what effect the child produces upon the old monk is seen from his words:

"Kommt sie, wird meine dumpfe Klause helle,
Mein enges Waldkapellchen weit und gross,
Der Heiland atmet und Maria lacht,
Und ich, von meiner Sünden Ueberlast
Sonst fast erdrückt, kann mich vom Boden heben
Und Gott, entsühnt, ins gütige Antlitz sehn."

Through the friar, she has been filled with mystic forebodings of the approaching Judgment Day; she revels in depicting to herself the sinfulness of the world; the Black Death and the scourge of leprosy are, to her, visible signs of God's wrath, and every leper's body a mirrored image of poisoned Christendom. But she also revels in the Christian mystery of atonement, in the saving power of innocent blood voluntarily shed, and in its cleansing effect upon sin and disease. What wonder that when she comes to know what frightful secret has brought Heinrich to her father's house, she should be possessed by the idea of redeeming him by her own death?

These, then, are the two characters between whom there arises a tragic conflict—a conflict of compassion and despair; of woman's desire for self-sacrifice and man's determination to struggle alone—until finally love, unconditional, all-embracing, divine love, subdues both man and woman, and dissolves the conflict into joyful harmony. That Ottegebe from the very first feels something more than compassion for Heinrich—that, unknown to herself, she loves him—we divine from the outset. Why else should she tremble whenever he speaks to her? Why should she tear the ribbon, which she had put on in his honor, from her hair as soon as attention is drawn to it? But as yet her love is slumbering; it is overshadowed by the Christian desire to atone, to rescue, and by the Christian longing for the crown of spiritual reward. Heinrich, on his part, has no other feeling for her except that of curious wonder at her devoted service; he is too much absorbed with himself and his frightful fate to have thoughts of anything else. It is wonderful to see how it is just this frightful fate of his, the gradual unfolding of his terrible doom, which draws this man and this woman together, which opens their hearts to each other, and thus brings salvation and life to both.

The climax of the drama is reached in the third and fourth acts, when Heinrich, after having made known the nature of his disease, has fled to the woods and is hiding there like a hunted beast, pursued by the execrations and curses of the populace. He now seems to have risen to colossal proportions. Misery has stripped him of everything that is weak and small. He has now penetrated to the bottom of things; he has become knowing; he has found out that life is a dungeon, that death is freedom; he scorns as folly the report, brought to him by old Gottfried, that his daughter is determined to die for him at the hands of the physician of Salerno; he chases herself away with cursing and stones when she ventures into his wilderness; and in grim frenzy he diverts himself by digging his own grave. These moments, however, are followed by others in which the mere craving for existence gets the better of him. In such moments he will prowl about, like a beast of prey, in the vicinity of Gottfried's house, or wherever he imagines Ottegebe to be, crouch on the ground, creep through the thicket, only to get a glimpse of her and to feed on the thought of being saved by her. And at last, in one such moment of highest transport of despair, when exhausted and fainting he has sunk to the ground, Ottegebe is at his side, and in rapturous delight presses a fervent kiss upon his forehead.

Inexpressibly sweet is the contrast formed by the last act with these wild and frenzied happenings. Heinrich has returned with Ottegebe to his castle. Instinctively, even against his will, had he followed her to Salerno. Travelling by the side of his little saint, he had for the first time felt his heart secure from the pursuit of the demons; a new life had been born within him, joy and hope had returned; and at last, at the height of the catastrophe, when the sacrificial act was about to be performed, Love had descended upon him and bidden him prevent the execution—and he was healed!

"Da traf der dritte Strahl der Gnade mich:
Das Wunder war vollbracht, ich war genesen!
Hartmann, gleichwie ein Körper ohne Herz,
Ein Golem, eines Zauberer's Gebilde,
Doch keines Gottes—thönern oder auch
Aus Stein, oder aus Erz—bist du, solange nicht
Der reine, grade, ungebrochne Strom
Der Gottheit eine Bahn sich hat gebrochen
In die geheimnisvolle Kapsel, die
Das echte Schöpfungs-Wunder uns verschliesst:
Dann erst durchdringt dich Leben. Schrankenlos
Dehnt sich das Himmlische aus deiner Brust,
Mit Glanz durchschlagend deines Kerkers Wände,
Erlösend und auflösend—dich! die Welt!
In das urewige Liebes-Element."

While Heinrich from this moment on is in the full possession of his powers, joyful, daring, active as of old, Ottegebe has remained as in a stupor. She has not fulfilled her mission, she has not won the heavenly crown! She, too, has through suffering become knowing. She knows now that she loves Heinrich, but it seems to her an unholy love, an earthly desire. She, the bride of Heaven, has fallen a victim to the powers of darkness. What is there left to her but death? So, as in Goethe's "Iphigenie," there seems to arise a new conflict after the rounding out of the main theme. But, happily, this conflict is only a transient clouding of the radiance that is spread over these closing scenes. For human love proves its divineness, in spite of these ecclesiastical scruples; and when Heinrich, at the wedding ceremony, presses Ottegebe passionately to his breast, she whispers joyfully:

"Heinrich!—Nun sterb' ich doch den süssen Tod!"

There are few works in the world's literature that aim higher than this sweet and noble poem. In depth of feeling, in simplicity of structure, in beauty of language, in strength of character drawing, in

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spiritual import, it surpasses to my mind everything that has come from the hand of living dramatists. Hail to the poet who, disdaining ephemeral effects or the applause of the crowd, has clung to that which is for the few of all ages, and has thus added a new treasure to the spiritual possessions of mankind.

KUNO FRANCKE.

Correspondence.

GALLATIN ON BANKING AND CURRENCY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following letter from Albert Gallatin to Nathaniel Macon of North Carolina on the all-important subject of finance may be of interest to many readers of the *Nation*. Macon was one of the more influential Southern politicians of the Jefferson type; he was an inveterate opponent of paper currency in all forms, and consequently an enemy of banks of issue, both State and national. He was a lifelong friend of Gallatin; in 1808 he had openly preferred him for the Presidency in place of Madison.

This letter, here published for the first time, is taken from a small collection of papers now in the possession of Mrs. Walter K. Martin of Richmond, Virginia—a collection hitherto unknown to students. It explains itself, and casts some light on the earlier phase of the great Bank quarrel. Macon's letter eliciting it has not been discovered, but its contents may be guessed from what we know of the character of its author and from what Gallatin says in reply.

Very truly yours, WM. E. DODD.

RANDOLPH-MACON COLLEGE, VA.,
January 3, 1903.

NEW YORK, 3d. Decr. 1830.

DEAR SIR: I duly received your letter of the 19 June last and was a little startled by the request to aid you in your intended attack on the Bank of the United States, as I thought you could not have been unacquainted with the fact, that I had openly and officially advocated the renewal of the charter of the former bank, and that, although there were many opponents on constitutional grounds, the question would not have then been lost had it not been for the hostility of a portion of the Republican party either to Mr. Madison or to myself. Mr. Crawford was our principal support in defence of the renewal; and without entering into details, it is known to all that the Clinton party was extremely dissatisfied with the preference given to Mr. Madison to the exclusion of Gov. Clinton, and that De Witt was in 1812 the candidate of the opposition. This has nothing to do with the present question, but may explain why the tenor of your letter surprised me. But it was not the cause of the delay in answering your queries; and, although I was not ready to do it before this time, I ought to have acknowledged the receipt of your letter and pray you to excuse the omission.

I had been engaged in researches respecting the metallic currency of the United States, which led to a conviction that the circulation of gold coins ought not to be prevented as it now is by our mint regulations, and that they ought to be rated according to their real market value as compared with silver. I could hardly avoid in the discussion some allusion to our paper currency, but had properly investigated a subject of which I had lost sight since 1816, when I went to France. I received simultaneously your letter and one from Mr. Walsh requesting that I would prepare an article for his Review, in relation to the Reports of the Committee of the last session of Congress. It was impossible to answer you without writing a book, and having some leisure and no sufficient conception of the labor the scattered materials would require in order to an analysis and condensed form, I unwittingly promised to furnish the article. It has cost me three months of tedious labour, and, as it would not have been written but for your letter, I must ask your permission to inflict on you the task of reading it, and have accordingly written the Editor to send you a copy. I had not time to revise all the calculations myself; and the person I employed made several mistakes. Although there is none that can affect the argument, I have always felt conscientious with respect to facts and particularly statements of numbers which readers have no means to verify, and I am now employed in revising and correcting those myself with a view to publication in pamphlet form, which I will transmit to you when published.

You are quite right in believing that I would feel very averse to any interference or connection with the party politics of the day; and you will easily perceive from the general tenor of my reply, that I am no friend either to *our* Banking system generally or to a paper currency of any kind. Had I my choice, I would prefer a pure metallic currency and private Banking houses, as in London and on the continent of Europe, who might with perfect freedom receive money on deposit, discount notes and deal in exchange, but not issue bank notes or in any respect interfere with the currency; and I would wish that government should neither restrain them in other respects nor grant them any privilege whatever. But I am equally averse to any issue of paper money by government, and still more so to its converting the Treasury into a Banking, trading company. This I think the very worst plan, in every view of the subject, that could possibly be devised, and the remedy worse than any evils, great as they are, that may flow, not only from the existing system, but from letting again the State Banks run wild and suspend their payments. I have viewed the subject with a single eye to a sound currency, which to provide for appears to me a constitutional and a moral duty. Independent of every temporary party consideration, there are questions of right and wrong, of what is just or unjust, which must be settled on that principle alone. Such is the question of currency. With a debased coinage or a fluctuating, depreciated paper, you subvert every private and public engagement, impair the performance of every contract, make invariably the ignorant and the weak dupes of the shrewd and wary, and demoralize the whole community. What are the means to prevent this under existing circumstances? Can Congress subvert the whole of the deep-rooted Banking system, sustained, as it is, by almost every State in the Union, and revert at this day to a metallic currency? I have no doubt of the constitutional power in that respect and have suggested the means; but I feel equally certain that the power will not be exercised. And in that case I will congratulate you and the country if you can discover any safe means of attaining the object, otherwise than through a bank of the U. S. organized on principles in substance similar to those of the existing institution. Certain it is that none has as yet been suggested, and perceiving no other myself, my conclusions are in favor of the renewal of the Charter. For my arguments in support of the constitutionality of the measure I must refer you to the article in the Review. With me they are conclusive, and I have no doubt on the subject; but of that all are competent to judge, and, provided I shall have succeeded in bringing the *facts* fairly and correctly before the public, I will be satisfied that it has been a useful task. It may be allowed to add that I am no otherwise connected in the Bank of the U. S. than as owner of ten shares, and that from it or from any other Bank I have never asked or received any favor whatever, not having ever had a single note discounted in the whole course of my life.

I am, Sir, very respectfully your obedt. Servant. ALBERT GALLATIN.

NATHANIEL MACON, Esq.

LYNCH LAW AND SOUTH CAROLINA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue No. 1953 (December 4, 1902) appears an article by Mr. Albert Matthews on the subject of "Lynch Law," in which he states that it has been asserted that lynch law derived its name from Lynch's Creek, S. C., because at that place the practice of lynching began. This derivation of the term, Mr. Matthews admits, has yet to be proved, but he gives extracts from Boston papers of 1768 giving accounts of a lynching by Regulators that occurred on Lynch's Creek, which show, he says, that there were at that period instances of lynch law "in its original meaning of whipping," and that Regulators held a meeting at Lynch's Creek. Obviously, says Mr. Matthews, we have here the thing itself, though not our now familiar term.

We cannot concur with Mr. Matthews in his apparent inclination to find in the action of the Regulators on Lynch's Creek the origin of the term lynch law. This inclination on his part appears to be based on two assumptions, both of which are erroneous, viz., (1) that lynch law, in its original meaning, meant whipping, and (2) that the Regulators began their course at Lynch's Creek.

The original meaning of the term lynch law was not confined to whipping. The instances Mr. Matthews himself presents show that other punishments, such as tarring and feathering, and banishments, were adjudged and administered as well as whipping; and indeed, as we shall see, the Regulators began their course by the infliction of the death penalty. The accepted definition of the term is the infliction of punishment without a legal trial, as by a mob or by any unauthorized persons.

The Regulators in the Carolinas did not begin their course on Lynch's Creek, S. C. The organization which in 1768 became known as "Regulation," began in Granville, Anson, and Orange Counties, in North Carolina, as early as 1766, and was instituted in South Carolina, as Judge O'Neall, in his 'Annals of Newberry,' tells us, by Thomas Woodward, Joseph Kirkland, and Barnaby Pope, who resided in the region between the Catawba and Saluda Rivers, and not on the Pee Dee or Lynch's Creek. The earliest account we have of the operations of this body is in the South Carolina *Gazette* of May 26, 1767, in an extract from a letter from Pine Tree Hill (Camden), dated May 14, 1767, and is as follows:

"On the 6 inst. a number of armed men, being in search of Horse stealers, robbers, etc., discovered a parcel of them in camp on Broad River [Broad River was between the Catawba and the Saluda], where an engagement soon ensued, and the thieves were put to flight; and though none of them were taken, it is reasonable to suppose, from the quantity of blood on the ground, that some of them were killed. They left behind ten horses, thirteen saddles, some guns," etc.

The next notice is in the *Gazette* for the week of July 27 to August 3 of the same year, to wit:

"The gang of villians from Virginia and North Carolina who have for some years past in small parties under particular leaders infested the back part of the Southern provinces, stealing

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from one and selling them in the next, notwithstanding the late public examples made of several of them, we hear are more formidable than ever as to numbers, and more audacious and cruel in their thefts and outrages. 'Tis reported that they consist of more than 200, form a chain of communication with each other and have places of general meeting; when (in immitation of councils of war) they form plans of operation and defence and (alluding to their secresy and fidelity to each other) call their places Free Mason Lodges. Instances of their cruelty to the people in the back settlements where they rob or otherwise abuse, are so numerous and shocking that a naration of them would fill a whole *Gazette*, and every reader with horror. They at present range in the Forks between Broad, Saluda, and Savannah Rivers. Two of the gang were hanged last week at Savannah, viz., Lundy Hart and Obadiah Greenage. Two others, James Ferguson and Jesse Hambersham, were killed when these men were taken."

Until 1768 the settlers who organized in defence of their property, their homes, and their lives against this banditti were designated, says Gregg in his 'History of the Old Cheraws,' by the appellation of the "Mob," and seem to have adopted it themselves; but on the 4th of April, 1768, they changed it to that of "Regulators." Until this time the "Regulation," as then called, had been endeavoring themselves to break up the band of outlaws which infested the back country, but now they took the wiser course of demanding from the Royal Government on the coast protection and the establishment of courts in the interior; and the organization, which had at first for its object the administration of justice and the infliction of punishment for the suppression of outlaws, now began to assume a political and revolutionary character as well. It was this occasion which gave rise to the proceedings at Lynch's Creek, accounts of which Mr. Matthews has found in the Boston papers. On the 25th of July, 1768, the South Carolina *Gazette* gives the account of the same.

"The last accounts from the back settlements say that the people called Regulators were to have a meeting at Lynch's Creek on last Friday, when it was expected 1200 would be assembled. The occasion of this meeting is said to be a party of them lately being roughly used by a gang of Banditti consisting of Mulattoes, Free negroes, &c., Harbourers of runaway slaves, at a place called Thompson's Creek, whom they ordered to remove. It is added they anxiously wait to hear the fate of the act for establishing Circuit Courts in this province sent home for the Royal approbation, which, if it obtains, will restore good order in those parts."

To recapitulate: Regulation did not begin at Lynch's Creek, S. C., but began in North Carolina, two years before the meeting at that place, and had spread throughout the farther back parts of the province from the Catawba to the Savannah before it reached the Pee Dee, nearer the coast; and upon reaching the Pee Dee section assumed in South Carolina a political phase, thus returning to its original purpose, as Professor Bassett of Trinity College, North Carolina, in a paper published in the Annual Report of the American Historical Association of 1894, has shown was that of the organization in that State. What, moreover, is decisive of the point is the fact that, before the organization reached the Pee Dee section, to wit, Lynch's Creek, it had assumed a name—the name of "Regulation," and not the name of "Lynch Law"—and was known by that name or by the name of "Schofelites," from the name of a leader, and not by the name of "Lynch Law." If the conduct of the Regulators in South Carolina was to give the name to the practice of illegal punishment, it would have been called, not Lynch Law, but "Broad River Justice," or "Savannah Law." It is not until 1841, as appears by Mr. Matthews's collection, that the two terms are found together, and then they are used in regard to affairs in Texas and Arkansas. I feel quite sure that nothing to connect the term "Lynch Law" with that of "Regulation" or "Regulators" in Carolina will ever be found.

The Lynch family in South Carolina, from whose possessions in that part of the province the name of Lynch's Creek was doubtless derived, bore a conspicuous part in the Revolution—two members of it, father and son, taking part in the Declaration of Independence; for though that celebrated instrument (now, however, somewhat at a discount) is signed by but one of them, to wit, by Thomas Lynch, jr., the father, Thomas Lynch, sr., was also a delegate to the Congress from South Carolina and present in Philadelphia at the time, and would have signed it had he been able to attend the Congress. Thomas Lynch, jr., had been sent as an additional delegate because of his father's illness, and thus became a signer, but with his father's concurrence. Is it not rather hard, then, that at this late time, more than a century after their deaths, the suggestion should be made to associate the name of these men (whose philanthropy, too, was as great as their patriotism) with a lawless and cruel practice which both of them would utterly have condemned, rather than with the struggle for liberty in the inauguration of which they took so prominent a part?

EDWARD MCCRADY.

CHARLESTON, S. C., January 6, 1903.

Notes.

A "National Edition" of the Works of Daniel Webster in eighteen volumes is announced by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. It will be bound in crushed Levant morocco, and accompanied by a special set of India proofs of the portraits and views.

R. H. Russell has made a pretty quarto of 'The History of Over Sea, Done into [so-called] English by William Morris,' with some Morris affectations in the print, and two pen drawings and other decorations by Louis Rhead, in harmony with the typography though the frontispiece does not truly represent the text in the costume of the lady.

'Who's Who' for 1903 comes to us promptly from Macmillan, still swelling against its bounds, which causes some standing tables to be omitted, for separate republication, maybe. This register has acquired an institutional value among books of reference, and can ill be spared by any one. In the American entries, some discrimination is noticed among our millionaires, the families of Gould and Vanderbilt being unrepresented. All the great political bosses, we believe, except Croker, are likewise in the vocative. Neither Platt nor Quay nor Addicks is "anybody." President Roosevelt is in plain view, but where is his fellow-sovereign John Mitchell? We observe that Mr. Griggs is still described as Attorney-General, for the same reason that his successor Mr. Knox goes unrecognized.

Millionaires pay the penalty of caricature along with other consequences of their prominence, and the 'Millionaires of America' have been thus treated by two artists of foreign name, Max Cramer de Pourtalès and C. de Fornaro (New York: Medusa Publishing Co.). The portfolio of twelve tinted portraits betrays shades of personal estimation. Mr. Carnegie, for instance, has nothing to complain of, in likeness or in attributes, while others who figure in this gallery seem malevolently regarded. The draughtsman's skill is uneven, and there are some flat failures at characterization.

Two librarians, Frank Pierce Hill and Varnum Lansing Collins, have collaborated in a privately printed list of (English) 'Books, Pamphlets and Newspapers Printed at Newark, N. J., 1776-1900.' If we ask why they start in with the beginning of the second century of that city's existence, they answer that not till then was a printing-press known to have been set up within its limits. This might imply an intellectual falling off in the theocratic seceders of 1666 from Connecticut and Long Island. The first imprint, indeed, antedated the first printer, thanks to a press lent from New York for several (Whig) issues of the New York *Gazette;* and 1791 is the date of John Woods's permanent appearance on the scene as the printer of the Newark *Gazette*. The list is confessedly incomplete, but it is a very laudable and useful undertaking. The arrangement is chronological, and there is a full index. The edition is limited.

Students of the military side of the American Revolution will remember that Greene, after the battle of Hobkirk's Hill, attributed his defeat to Col. Gunby, under whose orders the famous First Maryland Regiment, at a critical juncture, fell back instead of holding their ground. Mr. A. A. Gunby, in a small volume entitled 'Colonel John Gunby of the Maryland Line' (Cincinnati: R. Clarke Co.), undertakes to clear Col. Gunby of the charge of blundering—a charge sustained by the court of inquiry after the battle. As the author's method is comparison of secondary accounts rather than study of first-hand authorities, his results are not conclusive; but his examination, so far as it goes, confirms the judgment already formed by others, that the trouble began with the death of Capt. Beatty, and that the confusion of the Marylanders was as much the result of panic as of Col. Gunby's order. The other incidents of this unfortunate officer's life seem not to have been of much general importance.

Cyrus C. Adams's 'Textbook of Commercial Geography' (Appleton) is one of the most eminently satisfactory textbooks of the year just elapsed, and meets a distinctly recognized need. The only available English work in the field had been that of Chisholm, and this is a handbook rather than a textbook, and hardly practicable, because of size, cost and construction, for regular classroom use. It is likewise thirteen years old—an unpardonable, if inevitable, blemish in a work on this subject. The new treatise is, first of all, thoroughly

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up to date; it is of convenient size and of small cost; and it is constructed upon a system which one would like to call psychologic. "Each product is treated," says the author in his introduction, "in the chapter relating to the commerce of that country in which the production or manufacture of the commodity is specially prominent. This plan is regarded as preferable to grouping products under the heads of animal, vegetable, and mineral commodities, which would involve some weeks of rather tedious labor, of an encyclopædic nature, on the part of the student." In other words, information is presented in categories which possess the maximum mnemonic value without sacrificing system. Doubtless for the broad view of the scientific treatise this would be a mistake, but for the purpose of this book it is admirable, as is the resolute omission of unessential detail. The point of view is plainly American; 130 pages are devoted to the United States, its external possessions, and Cuba. In comparison, the United Kingdom receives nineteen pages, Germany fourteen, etc. Of course the volume and diversification of our industries explain this in part. The general view of commerce that emerges is, however, a comprehensive one. An enormous number of facts and figures is introduced, and the essential points are seldom missed. Not only are the statistics and character of a nation's commerce exhibited, but some idea is likewise given of the conditions of government, commercial security, etc., as well as a most convenient list of English equivalents for foreign weights, measures, and money. The numerous maps are of excellent quality, but necessarily small, to conform to the size of the pages. An English trade-atlas such as Scobel's is the next desideratum for classroom study, if the lantern-slide system is not available. The index is what it should be.

'Mammalia,' by Frank Evers Beddard, M.A., F.R.S., is the tenth volume of the Cambridge Natural History (Macmillan). Works like this are built upon predecessors of similar import and inclusiveness. Consequently, it is expected that the later published will copy the excellences and avoid the defects of the earlier, at the same time adding the more recent discoveries and other advances in the science. Dr. Beddard's volume is not at all disappointing. It is closely brought up to date, contains the results of the most modern researches in respect to genera and species and in anatomy and habits, and either has turned the criticisms of forerunners to good account, or has been so carefully wrought out as to eliminate their blemishes to a most gratifying extent. In various respects the work is a model: its illustrations are good and abundant, its explanations, descriptions, and comparisons are clear and sufficiently concise; and, as all forms could not be treated in a work of its size, its selections are made with excellent judgment. The extinct forms are arranged by their affinities among the living; together, they outline the history of the changes effected by time, of the conditions in the more or less distant past, and of the phenomena that have been unearthed in the career of the mammalia from the earliest to the still living. The work will attract the geologist and anatomist as well as the student of existing species. Palæontology, comparative anatomy, and the more limited fields of distribution and habits are all brought under consideration. Naturally, there are topics which appear too much restricted. Lack of space is the excuse offered; yet, while it must be accepted as valid, one cannot refrain from wishing there was more in cases like that of the egg-laying of Echidna or Ornithorhynchus, or the flight and feeding of Galeopithecus.

The plan of Dr. Harris Hawthorne Wilder's 'A Synopsis of Animal Classification' (Henry Holt & Co.) will be appreciated by all who have to deal with zoölogical classification. The book expresses Dr. Wilder's opinions in regard to a proper characterization and arrangement of the animals. It is to be considered a temporary arrangement or a summary of the author's present knowledge. A considerable amount of labor has been expended upon it, a great deal of it on classifications by others rather than on studies of the animals classified. Original matter is more apparent in the diagnoses, and the latter will probably have most weight in determining the value of the whole. Passing the superstructure for the underpinning, it needs but a glance among the definitions and descriptions to bring to light errors, where they should be least expected, in matter pertaining to the best-known groups. Evidently it was the intention to include the chimæras in the Selachii, but the diagnosis "5—7 separate gill openings" excludes them. All the Myxinidæ and all but one or two other species of the Marsipobranchs are excluded from the division to which they belong by assigning it "6—7 pairs of circular gill openings." "Scales cycloid or ctenoid" are used to characterize the Teleostei, but this excludes such teleosts as have no scales, and many others the scales of which are neither cycloid nor ctenoid. The Ophidia are characterized in part by "A single lung developed (right)"; this is particularly inaccurate, since many of the snakes have two well-developed lungs, and in many others the right lung is rudimentary or absent. The volume is in need of a thorough revision. A glossary giving the etymology of all the names used would be a most desirable addition to a work of such purpose as this one; it would explain so much, and aid so much in memorizing.

Kathlamet Texts, told by Charles Cultee, recorded and translated by Franz Boas, is the title of Bulletin 26 of the Bureau of Ethnology. The Kathlamet is an Indian dialect of the Columbia River region; and since Professor Boas has found it spoken by three persons only, his record probably saves to linguistic science this peculiar form of Chinook speech. Unfortunately, scientists are not always thus timely; the opportuneness of the present work emphasizes anew the need of haste in the collection of the ephemeral data bearing on Indian life. These myths and tales are predominantly about animals; they are given in a connected English narrative, which is accompanied lower on the page by the actual (phonetic) text, and a literal interlinear translation. Keys to pronunciation are afforded, and abstracts of the myths and tales close a notable and scholarly work. It is true, of course, that the phonetic system, expressed, for example, in such characters as "X!" is of little value as an aid to pronunciation to any one but the author; anthropological science waits eagerly for the perfection of the phonogram.

For twenty years the Danish historian C. T. Sörensen has made a special study of Bernadotte, the results of which have appeared in valuable monographs on various points. Notice now comes through the *Berlingske Tidende* of Copenhagen of the publication of the first part of an extended biography entitled 'Bernadotte in the North, or the Separation of Norway from Denmark, and its Union with Sweden.' It is probably not generally known that the Danish archives contain richer material for the study of Bernadotte during the period preceding 1814 than even the Swedish collections. The reason for this apparent anomaly is the suspicion entertained of Bernadotte by the Danish Crown Prince Frederick, and the consequent voluminous reports of the former's movements made by spies and others to the Danish Government. The present author has made full use of this too long neglected material, which, it is believed, will correct many erroneous impressions received from the less objective Swedish authorities of earlier investigators. Sörensen has also had access to the Dépôt de la Guerre in Paris. None of Napoleon's other marshals can compare in interest and complexity of character with the founder of the present royal house of Sweden and Norway, and a new and serious presentation of him must be welcomed by the student of history.

The *National Geographic Magazine* for January opens with an account of the origin, present organization, and work of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey by its Superintendent, O. H. Tittmann. In the seventy years of its active existence it has mapped 30,000 miles of topography, "sounded out minutely nearly 300,000 square miles of water, while its deep-sea soundings cover a little less than a million square miles," the results of the whole work being shown on about 500 charts. Two of the force, who have been engaged in a reconnaissance survey in Alaska, report plans for the ascent of Mt. McKinley, which in their opinion would require a carefully organized expedition with a year's supplies. An article on jade, by S. E. Easter, gives many interesting facts in respect to this stone, which the Chinese regard "as the most beautiful substance in which human thought can embody itself." Confucius says that "it symbolizes virtue, and the price at which all the world values it symbolizes truth."

Adalbert Roquette, head librarian of the University of Goettingen, has just published an interesting brochure based on official reports, and entitled 'Die Finanzlage der Deutschen Bibliotheken,' in which he offers data on the poor financial backing which the German libraries must contend with. In general the condition of affairs is worse in this regard than it was in 1870. Only the Royal Library in Berlin proves an exception, as its annual donation has been increased from 90,000 to 150,000 marks. On an average, the German libraries fail to meet one out of every six requests for books because they do not possess them and have not the money to buy them. Roquette finds, however, that one of the chief causes for this inability is the phenomenal increase

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in the literary output of Germany. In 1870, the sum of 37,000 marks would have sufficed to buy a copy of every book published in the country; in 1880 the sum needed was 65,000, and now it is 105,000 marks. Moreover, the average price of German books has materially increased during this period. Some of the larger libraries can buy only 5 per cent. of German publications, and the highest, outside of the Berlin library, is about 30 per cent.

A new educational departure at Oxford is the establishment of a training college for women teachers in secondary schools for girls. Its objects are to prepare students to pass the University examinations for the teacher's diploma; to give opportunity for an extra year of University life and study; and to provide a theological course (if desired) for those who will become divinity lecturers in colleges and girls' schools, or who will have to give religious instruction in the form of the school to which they may be appointed. At the opening of Cherwell Hall, as it is styled, on October 27, the Bishop of Liverpool emphasized the fact as of national importance that in secondary education "they were lagging in the race behind their Continental rivals. If at the present moment they were called upon to supply the secondary schools and the scholars who were capable of being educated in them, they would not have a hundredth part of the number of required teachers." The fees will be £65 a year; there is a scheme of scholarships and bursaries, and also a loan fund.

An agricultural college for women who have had an intermediate education is to be opened in Russia under the direction of the Ministry of Agriculture. While the main object is to give a general training, students will also be permitted to restrict their attention to special branches of agriculture, such as dairy farming, gardening, bee culture, poultry keeping, and cattle and sheep breeding. At the end of the three years' course the students will have the right to fill various posts under the Ministry of Agriculture, and will be further entitled to hold the position of administrators of the Crown domains and of teachers in the intermediate agricultural schools. 325 young ladies have announced their intention to enter the college, which will be, it is said, the first institution of the kind in Europe.

There can be no doubt that the woman question, as far as the German universities are concerned, has entered upon a second stage, and that is reactionary. The restrictions in Berlin have cut down the attendance, which a year and a half ago amounted to over six hundred, to something like four hundred at present. Munich, Leipzig, Halle, and other universities have also made it more difficult for women to get even the permission to attend lectures. The latest to decide upon these restrictions is Würzburg, whose Rector announces that only a card from himself will open the lecture rooms to women. These restrictions are, at least professedly, directed chiefly against Russian women, especially the graduates of the girls' gymnasia of that country; but it is evident that the German university authorities are convinced that they have not been making haste slowly enough in this matter during the last half-dozen years. No other government shows the least inclination to follow the example of Baden, which, at its two territorial universities, Heidelberg and Freiburg, admits women to matriculation and examinations on equal footing with men.

The novel experiment of establishing a Russian university in Paris is evidently proving a success. The Russians, unlike most Europeans and Americans, prefer Paris to Germany as a seat of high learning, and the colony of educated Russians in the French capital is accordingly large. One year ago a movement was inaugurated to have courses of university lectures delivered in Russian and French for this colony, and fully a dozen courses have been successfully given, mostly on literary, historical, and philosophical subjects. Among the lecturers were Brandes, Reclus, Nordau, and others. For the academic year 1902-1903 a full programme has been prepared, and the enterprise has evidently come to stay. It differs from the Russian historico-philosophical seminaries that were maintained some years ago by Alexander II. in both Leipzig and Berlin. Those two institutions, where Russian students were compelled to listen to lectures by German professors, turned out the majority of the law professors who are now active in the universities of Russia. The Paris institution is entirely a private project, and nearly all the teaching is done by Russian savants, many of whom are known to be antagonistic to the state of affairs in their mother country.

The general Occidental interest in Japanese art is believed by those most competent to judge to date from its first exhibition on a large scale at Vienna in 1873. The collection then so intelligently made was by Count Sano, who died in Tokio on December 7, 1902, at the age of eighty. His history illustrates the possibilities of the modern Japanese man. A medical student, he was sent to Holland in 1862 to oversee the building of a man-of-war. He visited also the Paris Exhibition, and there and then, it seems, resolved to begin what proved to be his remarkable career of healing and educating. He was active in giving the empire a lighthouse system, and then organized the Fine Arts Society, and began the formation of museums and the improvement of public parks and gardens. In Vienna he studied the methods of the Red Cross Society, and in Japan, on the breaking out of the insurrection of Saigo in Satsuma, in 1877, organized the Humane Society which later became the Red Cross of Japan. This society has now seven hundred thousand members, and an annual income of over a million yen. Besides complete equipment on land, it possesses two hospital ships named *Saviour* and *Mercy*. With Sano, ex-Minister of Finance and counsellor to the Emperor, art was a passion and charity a fine-art. For many years he was president of the Fine Arts Society and of the Red Cross.

—It is hard to believe that the more memorable sayings of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, or of our own Emerson and Thoreau, stimulate only the intellect. As these sayings grew out of singularly consistent and purposeful living, it seems that they should be convertible into terms of life. 'One gains some confidence that they are in reading the newly published 'Matthew Arnold's Notebooks'—a little volume (Macmillan) which curiously resembles in its contents the calendars we give away at Christmas time, or the little booklets entitled (say) 'Daily Food.' Arnold was accustomed to jot down in the narrow spaces of his diary, among notes of his engagements and family happenings, passages that struck him in his reading. In this way he had every day before his eyes a thought for that day. Greek, Latin, French, Italian, German, English extracts, all lie harmoniously together, preserving a certain unity. What is remarkable, however, is not the diversity of his reading, but the character of the passages he chose. He was, perhaps, the wittiest writer in England, but none of these maxims are chosen for their wit; he was the apostle of the "grand style," but his notebooks contain few extracts notable for stylistic elegance, His diaries resemble in no respect the commonplace books of a littérateur; they are more like the enchiridion of a devotee, or the "golden texts" of a Sunday-school lesson book. Nothing could more clearly bring out the essentially serious nature of the man than this attempt to discipline his spirit through daily contact with some high thought. There can be no question that he endeavored to find the maxims appropriate to his case and to live by them.

—Certain maxims are repeated many times in the year, and year by year. Thus, in the years from 1857 on, the resolve, "Let your aim be always definite" (*Semper aliquid certi proponendum est*), was a standing order. It represents very well the critic's constant struggle against loose thinking and random living. In his later years, when his own temperament and the pressure of society made the pleasures of the table a temptation, Franklin's "Eat and drink such an exact quantity as suits the constitution of thy body, in reference to the services of thy mind" reappears with suggestive frequency. In another way these notebooks show the complete consistency of Arnold's public and private life. Was it not he who told us to have always in our minds "lines and expressions of the great masters, and to apply them as a touchstone to other poetry"? These thoughts from the great moralists which he set down day by day were evidently touchstones to be applied to his private conduct.

—The Bell-Macmillan "Miniature Series of Painters" is now issued in another form, with limp leather covers and a photogravure frontispiece, as well as in the cheaper, cloth-covered, edition. Two numbers have been sent to us—the 'Burne-Jones,' which we reviewed on its first appearance, and 'Correggio,' by Leader Scott. This, which follows in its arrangement the type of all the other volumes of the series, is a dry little book, and has not, unfortunately, that virtue of accuracy which one expects as an accompaniment of dryness. On page 36 Correggio's "Leda" is said to be "now in Madrid," though it is correctly given in the list of "Chief Works" as at Berlin. On page 37 there is a description of the "Danaë," which says, "The body of Danaë is in the shade"; "a hind drinks in a stream behind her"; and "two beautiful little Loves are sharpening their arrows at the foot of the couch." In fact, the body of Danaë is not in shadow, but that of Cupid, described as "in a full light," is; the scene is in an interior, and, if there is any such incident as that of the drinking hind in the bit of landscape seen through the

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window behind Cupid, it is too small to show in any ordinary reproduction, while the infant Loves are at the *head* of the couch. On page 55 it is said that the lunettes of the Abbess's room in the Convent of San Paolo "contain classic figures in monochrome, gray, on a gray ground, giving the effect of bas-reliefs in a sort light." On the contrary, these lunettes simulate statuettes and groups in the round, standing before semi-circular niches on which their cast shadows are clearly defined. The account of the "Marriage of St. Catherine," in the Louvre, says that "the figures are half life-size," though, in reality, they are rather over life-size but half-length, and the whole account of the three "Marriages" of St. Catherine is confused in the extreme, and leaves one wondering which one is reproduced. The List of Illustrations gives it, probably correctly, as the Naples version; the text, after the description of the Louvre version, goes on: "The painting at Naples is very much smaller, and there is no St. Sebastian in the design. Either the figure never was there, which proves that it is not a copy of the Louvre one, or it has been painted out, which does not appear likely. In the picture which forms our illustration, the attitudes, expressions, and draperies are quite different from the other." This last statement is certainly true, but if this picture is the Naples version, what does the former sentence mean? Many of these errors are trivial enough in themselves. A more serious one is the antedating by fifteen years of the "Madonna della Scodella"; an error which makes any rational theory of Correggio's development impossible. On the whole Leader Scott seems, like some other writers on art, to be constitutionally unable to describe anything correctly or state anything accurately and clearly, and we should advise no one to accept anything on her authority.

—The methods of private publishing societies, though they have undoubted value in reproducing old books, find limitations to their worth when it comes to printing new books about old ones. Here, for instance, is the Rowfant Club of Cleveland, which has just reprinted the old *Dial*, the landmark of the ever-interesting Transcendental period—a book whose original issue has grown rare and very costly. So far, so good; but the Club has also printed two volumes of "Historical and Biographical Introduction," the unique and almost exhaustive bibliographical work of Mr. George Willis Cooke, the one man who has wholly mastered the history of that early enterprise. His book unfolds the development and authorship of the whole *Dial*, identifying the writers of articles in almost every instance, and giving a chapter of biographical and literary sketching to each. Here we may not only read of Emerson, Parker, and Margaret Fuller; but of the Brook Farm Ripleys and Curtises, of Thoreau as sub-editor and Lowell as contributor, of Charles Newcomb who wrote "Dolon," of Ellen Sturgis who contributed the lines, to be found in so many albums and books of selections, beginning,

"I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty,
I woke and found that life was Duty."

We are informed for the first time that James Freeman Clarke wrote the passionate verses "To Nydia," and that Christopher P. Cranch, whom Poe called "one of the least intolerable of the school of Boston Transcendentalists," wrote the fine lines beginning,

"Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought."

Here we see Charles A. Dana, afterwards of the New York *Tribune*, in his early chivalrous strain; and William Batchelder Greene as an abstruse thinker, not a soldier. We learn also of the criticisms and caricatures called forth by the *Dial;* and, in short, all the traits and sidelights of the one strongly marked original movement in American literature. And, finally, we learn—for here comes in the tantalizing part—that all this wealth of gossip and genius is shut up in two privately printed volumes, with the exasperating preliminary notice that only one hundred and twenty-seven copies have been printed for the Society, and no more are to be had, so that the wealthiest public library in the country cannot buy a copy in the market. From the point of view of literary history, such an enterprise is, to say the least, tantalizing.

—The eighth annual meeting of the Central Division of the Modern Language Association, held at the University of Chicago on the first three days of the new year, was (writes a correspondent) in every respect a success. This implies that the papers presented had something of interest for all, that the attendance was good, and that the social side was well looked after by the local committee and heartily enjoyed by the visiting members. The first session was held at Haskell Hall on Thursday evening, the exercises consisting of an address of welcome, delivered by Dean Judson of the Graduate School in the absence of President Harper, and the President's address by Prof. W. Starr Cutting, of the University of Chicago. In a charming manner, Dean Judson gave his impressions, from his student days, of the instruction in English and the modern languages at Williams College, concluding with a description of the immense change for the better at all our colleges and universities of the present day. Professor Cutting's address, without being in the least pessimistic, dwelt upon some of the faults of our modern-language instruction. It was in the main a plea, not for the natural method, so called, but for natural methods. The evening closed with a reception at the Quadrangle Club by the Faculty. The other social features were a luncheon on Friday, given by President Harper, a "Commers" in the evening, and a dinner at the club on Saturday for all the men who stayed until then. The papers read were about evenly divided among the three main departments. The only marked departure from earlier procedure was the holding of a set of three sectional meetings for the discussion of pedagogical questions. The success of this change was felt to be so great that it was adopted as a permanent feature. It was also decided to refer to the sectional meetings some of the more technical papers, which appeal to only a limited number of students. It was decided to hold the next meeting at Ann Arbor in conjunction with the Eastern Association, and Professor Hempl was elected president. This is the first time in its history that the Association has had the same head for its two divisions.

—The Royal Museum at Amsterdam, Holland, has just acquired, by purchase, a second one of the pictures of Marie Bashkirtseff, author of the renowned 'Journal.' It is hung on the line, among the treasures of the modern period, and will figure in the new catalogue in the spring. This may suitably draw a moment's attention to the wonderful success of the small collection of art works left behind her by this talented writer on her early death in 1884. It may fairly be said to justify her passionate aspirations for their merit and fame as expressed in the 'Journal'; and it was furthermore the expression of these aspirations that chiefly gave her her literary reputation. A first exhibition of the paintings, drawings and bits of sculpture at the Palais de l'Industrie, the year following her death, called forth very favorable mention from the press of the civilized world. Almost at once the French Government acquired three of the pictures for the Luxembourg. These were "The Meeting" (widely popularized by reproductions), and two pastel portraits, one of the model "Armandine," and the other of the Countess de Toulouse, a cousin of the artist's. Not long after, the Grand Duke Constantine carried off the graceful landscape, "April," to embellish his marble palace at St. Petersburg. The Museum of Nérac, France, secured a study of a female head; the Museum of Paris another, called "La Parisienne"; the Museum of Amsterdam the portrait of Madame Paul Bashkirtseff; and a Russian collector, at the Exposition of Munich, a portrait head, which is destined for the Museum of Moscow. Two of the pictures have come to America—"Jean et Jacques" (school urchins returning home), in the Museum of Chicago, and a study of a female figure, in the Museum of Cincinnati. The works, gradually decimated as above, used to be shown to the public at times in the former studio of the painter, kept intact in the hôtel owned by the family in the Rue de Prony, Paris. Later they have been moved to the Rue Hégésippe Moreau (No. 15), where, still under the charge of an old family servant, "Rosalie," something of a character in the 'Journal,' now grown a stout and rather imposing dame, they can be seen on Thursday afternoons.

SAINTSBURY'S HISTORY OF CRITICISM.

A History of Criticism and Literary Taste in Europe from the Earliest Texts to the Present Day. By George Saintsbury. In three volumes. Vol. II. From the Renaissance to the Decline of Eighteenth Century Orthodoxy. Dodd, Mead & Co. 8vo, pp. xviii., 593.

With the publication of Professor Saintsbury's second volume, that "History of Criticism," which Dr. Johnson projected a century ago, and which has hitherto deterred the boldest of scholars, is one step nearer completion. The general plan of the work calls for no comment here, and yet it is impossible to consider the details of the second volume without reminding the reader of the scope which the author set for himself in the first. There (vol. i., ch. i.) Professor Saintsbury, after excluding from his province "the more transcendental Aesthetic, with those ambitious theories of Beauty, and of artistic Pleasure in general, which, fascinating and noble as they

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appear, have too often proved cloud-Junos," defines criticism as "the reasoned exercise of literary taste." But here at the outset there is a confusion of thought. The title of the work, 'A History of Criticism and Literary Taste,' becomes, by the author's own definition, "A History of Literary Taste and of the Reasoned Exercise of Taste"; and if we are to comprehend his purpose, it is essential that we should have some adequate conceptions of the meaning of "taste." Yet nowhere is a definition or general exposition of it attempted, for, by the nature of taste, such a discussion belongs to the very province of "theories of Beauty and of artistic Pleasure in general" which the author has at the outset excluded from his scope. In other words, Professor Saintsbury has written two volumes on a subject with which, on the very first page, he specifically refuses to "meddle."

But supposing that a definition of taste can be given without reference to the "ambitious theories" which he is to ignore, what can be meant by the "reasoned exercise" of taste? Professor Saintsbury, in an only too brief discussion of the first great critical theorist (vol. i., p. 20), regrets that Plato has not told us "what his real literary preferences in the way of poetry were," instead of putting us off with mere generalizations about beauty in the abstract. But what are the latter if not "reasoned exercises" of taste, since reasoning is an intellectual process and deals with general concepts? If criticism be merely "the most agreeable of all amusements," as our author seems to agree with Kames in thinking it (p. 469), then, and only then, can his impatience with general ideas be justified. For while taste is the intuitive process by which men apprehend the beauty of a work of art, criticism is the intellectual process by which they derive the principles for its explanation or justification.

It is with no intention of discrediting a dignified and monumental work, or of underrating the merits and difficulties of a pioneer achievement, that attention is called to what seem initial discrepancies of thought. The tradition of the higher English criticism since the days of Coleridge demands a training somewhat lacking in one whom an Italian critic has described as *per quanto valente letterato, per tanto digiuno di filosofia.* A great task, without a determinate goal or an exact delimitation of its scope, is in danger of ending in confusion. That this is not the case is due to practised literary craftsmanship, and to the external aid of such devices as the characteristic "interchapters." But no extraneous device can give internal unity, and a philosophic conception of literary criticism is essential to the architectonic of such a history.

The volume before us carries on the history of criticism through the three centuries and more that separate the end of the mediæval from the beginning of the romantic period. Of the three books into which the volume is divided, the first is devoted to "Renaissance Criticism," the second to the "Crystallizing of the Neo-Classic Creed," and the third to "Eighteenth-Century Orthodoxy." After an introductory chapter on Erasmus, replete with excellent *dicta* and *aperçus*, Professor Saintsbury plunges into the stream of Italian criticism, discussing with great wealth of detail the works of theorists and historians from Politian and Savonarola to Summo and Denores. It were idle to attempt a summary of so exhaustive a treatment, but special attention may be called to the interesting discussions of Giraldi Cintio, Scaliger, Castelvetro, and Patrizzi. The 'Defence of Poetry' of Augustinus Olmucensis is a "find" upon which both Professor Saintsbury and Mr. Gregory Smith (p. 27) are to be congratulated. Yet it is to be regretted that want of acquaintance with Dr. Vossler's 'Poetische Theorien in der Italienischen Frührenaissance' has made the treatment of the earlier humanists lacking in critical detail, and that throughout this section critics like Aretino and Gelli, among the most important of the sixteenth century, are omitted because they did not write formal treatises on the subject. Castelvetro's exposition of Dante has not been lost (p. 80, n.), but was printed for the first time at Modena in 1886 under the editorship of Giovanni Franciosi. Muzio's 'Arte Poetica' was not the first vernacular poem on criticism (p. 46), but was preceded by an 'Arte Poetica' (Piacenza, 1549), which is attributed to Costanzo Landi, whose namesake, Ortensio, wrote, beside the famous 'Paradossi,' a 'Scourge of Ancient and Modern Authors,' with a supplementary 'Exhortation to the Study of Letters,' which Professor Saintsbury has not included. Professor Cook did not reprint Vida "with his two great disciples" (p. 30), but with Horace and Boileau. Trissino died in 1550, and therefore the whole of his book and not merely a part (p. 38, n.), must have been written before that date. The Baconian "idols" are not "ideals" (p. 87), and "Rote" (p. 51) should be "Rota." The mysterious "Pacius," mentioned among non-Italian writers on page 263, is no other than the Alessandro de' Pazzi of page 41, whose name appears in the Latin form of Paccius on his title-page. Nor do we understand why a manuscript note in Professor Saintsbury's copy of Minturno is relied on for the origin of that critic's name (p. 51), when a simple reference to Tiraboschi would give the real facts, and would show, too (p. 129, n.), that Minturno was a poet as well as theorist. Several of the names in the classified list of Italian critics at the end of Crescimbeni's 'Storia della Volgar Poesia' do not appear here, but on the whole the treatment of Italian criticism is exhaustive, and in a sense definitive.

The same neglect of the humanists noted above is to be found in the French and English chapters. To begin the former with Sibilet and Du Bellay is to ignore the preparation they received in such notable works as the 'De Studio Litterarum' and the 'De Philologia' of Budæus. Rabelais, who introduced humanistic ideals into creative literature, is dismissed with a brief foot-note (p. 141), nor is there any mention, in a subsequent chapter, of the dramatic controversy which in 1694 culminated in Bossuet's 'Maximes de la Comédie,' and which doubtless inspired Jeremy Collier to write his 'Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage' in 1698. Gibert's supplement to Baillet's 'Jugements des Savants' is described as very difficult to procure, whereas it is reprinted at the end of the best and most accessible edition of Baillet, published at Amsterdam in 1725. Harvey's 'Rhetor' and 'Ciceronianus' are not mentioned, nor Dr. Carpenter's edition of Coxe's 'Rhetoric,' with its valuable introduction on English and foreign rhetoricians, while the treatment of Bacon is wholly one-sided.

For German criticism, Professor Saintsbury seems to have ignored the chief authority, Borinski's 'Poetik der Renaissance.' Buehler (p. 355) should, of course, be Buchler, and it is interesting to note that an edition of his work appeared in London in 1632 with some important Latin verses, 'Joannis Corneliadæ Angli.' It is untrue that there was no Dutch criticism in the vernacular (p. 363, n.), for, without considering the very notable prefaces of Vondel and Hooft, there are several formal treatises, including Rodenburg's 'Eglentiers Poëtens Borst-weringh' (1619), which is largely a paraphrase of Sidney's 'Defence of Poetry' (*cf.* Jonckbloet, 'Geschiedenis der Nederlandsche Letterkunde,' 1899, iii. 200 *sq.*). The indebtedness of Opitz to his Dutch, Italian, and French predecessors, which is so great as to make his book almost a purely imitative *rifacimento*, is ignored, and we miss the most important of his successors before Gottsched (p. 551), Morhof, the teacher of Wernigke, Wernigke the teacher of Menke, Menke the patron of Gottsched himself. In the Spanish section, the important critical preface of Torres Naharro's 'Propaladia,' which was published at Naples in 1517, and dedicated to the Spanish husband of Vittoria Colonna, is not mentioned, although of great consequence, both on account of its early date and the completeness of its dramatic theory. The chapter on the Italian Decadence suffers somewhat by the neglect of recent scholarship, such as Croce's 'Trattatisti Italiani del Concettismo,' and the accounts of seventeenth-century criticism in Foffano's 'Ricerche Letterarie' and Belloni's 'Seicento.' At all events, we miss some of the chief monuments of the period, Menzini's 'Arte Poetica,' Nisieli's 'Proginnasmi,' the critical writings of the great Galileo, and especially, in the next century, the all-important 'Scienza Nuova' of Vico, who is the founder of a new theory of poetic art opposed to that of all the old *preceptistas* from Vida to Castelvetro. There is no allusion to Portuguese criticism, which possessed critical treatises like those of Macedo and Francisco Manoel, and which in the struggle between Tassistas and Camoistas developed a controversy almost as important as that which raged about the 'Gerusalemme Liberata.'

These are for the most part mere errors of detail, but in the later portions of the volume some of the fundamental defects of Professor Saintsbury's method appear. Side by side with that "crystallizing of the neo-classic creed" to which the second book is devoted, there were being developed in Europe certain less tangible but no less important critical ideals which were later to fix and mould our own judgment of literature. This development appears in the evolution of the very term which at the outset we reproached Professor Saintsbury for neglecting to define. Surely, the term which appears on his title-page, and which he has stated as the subject of his whole undertaking, deserves historical explanation. The *de gustibus* of the ancients referred solely to food, and it was not until the seventeenth century that the word, and with it the classical phrase, was applied to literature. The origin of "taste" as an æsthetic term has been disputed, but it probably first appears in this sense in the

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works of the Spaniard Gracián. There are still other words which were being coined, or rather were acquiring a new meaning, at this period—words like sentiment, fancy, wit, imagination, and the like—and the whole terminology of modern criticism was being formed. To this great ferment of critical thought there is no allusion in this volume, nor does Professor Saintsbury seem to know that the words he is continually using are not world-old. The humanists devoted themselves to the imitation and comprehension of classical antiquity; their successors formulated the results of this study into formal rules. But, in time, taste succeeded law as the criterion of literature, until with the beginnings of the romantic movement the element of the creative imagination was apprehended and included.

The inadequacy, or the bias, of the treatment of later French criticism is apparent in the discussion of Boileau, to whom twenty pages of tirade and polemic are devoted, and especially in that of Voltaire. Rousseau is brushed aside with the dictum that "if he had been a critic at all, he would have been on the revolting and romantic side" (p. 519), a rather startling assertion to any reader of Texte's well-known work, in which a hundred pages are devoted to "the part played by Rousseau in the evolution of criticism," and in which his actual accomplishment is summed up as "that of substituting the notion of a relative æsthetic, variable both from one period and from one country to another, for that of an absolute æsthetic." There may be compensation for all this in the excellent and often brilliant treatment of English criticism from Dryden to Johnson. Yet we cannot but regret the inconsistency or insularity which gives Rymer seven pages and Dennis six pages to Voltaire's four, while the single paragraphs devoted to Cervantes, Gracián, and Luzán compare strikingly with the three pages apiece given to such mediocrities as Harris and Bysshe. We miss an adequate discussion of "wit," which is central in the critical doctrine of the period; and in the exposition of the 'Essay on Criticism' there is no realization of the importance of the couplet:

> "A perfect judge will read each work of wit
> With the same spirit that its author writ,"—

which is not a mere paraphrase of Quintilian, but one of the first expressions of the oneness of the mental processes of genius and taste (*cf.* Croce, 'Estetica,' p. 502). The Dictionary of National Biography is followed in assigning Gildon's 'Lives and Characters of the English Dramatic Poets' to 1699 (p. 430, n.), but on page 145 of that book Waller is said to have "died about eight years since," which would indicate that it appeared about 1695. There are also several omissions in these two chapters, including the lengthy prefaces of Sir Richard Blackmore, Farquhar's 'Discourse upon Comedy,' and Mulgrave's 'Essay on Poetry.'

What has been actually accomplished in this volume, however, is far-reaching. Using throughout the method which he has consciously adopted—"that of giving the gist of particular books and the opinions of particular authors together, and leaving bird's-eye views to the interchapters" (p. 37)—Professor Saintsbury has traced the history of criticism, and given the substance of the chief critical monuments, in Italy, France, England, Spain, and Germany, from the end of the fifteenth to the end of the eighteenth century. In so enormous a field it is easy to discover errors both of commission and omission. But we cannot lay down this large volume without marvelling at the industry, the skill, and the wide reading which it exhibits, and wondering whether any other littérateur in Europe could have successfully covered the same all-embracing subject. Professor Saintsbury has acknowledged his indebtedness to his predecessors with such generous appreciation that it is impossible to withhold from him the praise that is justly his. A second edition may well eradicate many of the flaws of the first, and it is for the purpose of modestly assisting in this that we have concerned ourselves with so many trifling details. The completion of the whole work will mark an epoch in English criticism.

The Christmas Kalends of Provence, and Some Other Provençal Festivals. By Thomas A. Janvier. Illustrated. Harper & Bros. 1902.

Mr. Janvier has always taken his Provence pretty seriously. His new volume, made up of articles that have appeared in the popular magazines, continues this tone, especially in the opening section, devoted to the Christmas festivities in an ancestral dwelling near Avignon. This abode of the antiquarian squire is not quite a Bracebridge Hall, and the sentiment here approaches the least trifle to gush. In the second section, however, a Feast-day on the Rhone, and the third, the Comédie-Française at Orange, Mr. Janvier has a brisker, pleasanter, touch, which is much more in keeping with the way in which those merry gentry the Félibres, or new troubadours, of southern France in our day take themselves. To make a little monograph of the volume it would have been better to tell more about who these lively Félibres were; it seems taken for granted that readers know sufficient already, which is not quite safe in these days of many books and many subjects. They are the followers of the barber-poet Jasmin, and especially the pupils of Roumanille, who, in a half-humorous and entirely sprightly fashion, renew the old minstrelsy and the floral games, encourage writing in all the dialects of the tongues derived from the Latin, and even propose a political alliance among the peoples of Latin blood, and talk of "decentralizing" the egotistical supremacy of Paris by getting the provinces to think less humbly of their own initiative. The writer has under his eye at the present moment an almanac for the year 1903, in one of the coast dialects of Provençal, and this contains a list of thirty-two other publications, mainly almanacs too. These minor collections are the form in which the dialect writing chiefly sees the light. Roumanille and most of the other leaders are dead. Mistral alone remains, a dignified figure standing apart from the more eccentric manifestations of his associates; after his death, the troubadour enthusiasm is likely to decline rapidly.

The Feast-day on the Rhone is a steamboat excursion down that river, and it is given in parts with the dash of the unruly river itself. The excursionists take hold of hands and dance up and down the boat, putting strangers and all at ease, in the merry French manner; they are received by mayors and brass bands, and go ashore to breakfast and dedicate monuments, while admirers on high bridges deftly cast them down mammoth bouquets as they shoot the arches below. The most notable act of the Decentralization campaign thus far is the giving from time to time such standard pieces as "Antigone" and "Œdipus the King" in the ancient Roman theatre at Orange. It is the best theatre company in Paris that comes down to do this, so the conflict is not of a very bitter sort. The account of one of these occasions is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of a most interesting matter, and many of the strange artistic effects are rendered with a vivid charm of description which they merit. You enter by night through a dark passage; the vast dim interior is peopled with faces obscurely seen as if spirits; all the interest is concentrated, with a glow of light and color, on the stage, about which large trees have grown up from the stones. The chronic north wind of the valley, the *mistral*, takes a hand in improving the draperies of the actors. The acoustic properties are strangely distinct. Mademoiselle Bréval comes forward, her beautiful bare arms are raised, the wind blows back her robes in the most perfect classic folds, and she seems a living embodiment of the Winged Victory.

Ireland, Industrial and Agricultural. Dublin and Cork: Browne & Nolan. 1902.

This admirably prepared handbook to Ireland is an official publication issued by the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, edited by William P. Coyne, the statistical officer of the department. It contains forty-nine separate articles, written by experts in the several subjects dealt with, describing the geology, topography, and climate of Ireland; its railways, canals, and banks; its educational institutions, so far as they deal with art and industry; the principal industries of the country, such as dairying, bacon-curing, stock-breeding, fishing, brewing, distilling, milling, shipbuilding, woollen and linen spinning and weaving. Many of the industries enumerated are in a state of decay, others are in their infancy, created or existing only by the assistance and guidance of the Agricultural and Industrial Department established in 1900. Some of those for which Ireland is best known consist of a single firm operating on a large scale. The shipbuilding yard of Harland & Wolf in Belfast has turned out some of the largest and finest ocean steamers, but, outside the works of this firm, shipbuilding hardly exists in Ireland. Guinness's porter brewery in Dublin claims to be the largest concern of its kind in the world. The market value of its stock is at present supposed to be over $100,000,000, and its yearly output approaches 2,000,000 barrels. The linen industry is concentrated in a small corner of Ulster, and is mainly in the hands of a few large firms.

Apart from these, other Irish industries are insignificant, though many present features of much interest, especially the home and cottage industries, which are helped along partly by the Department, partly by voluntary and benevolent assistance. Almost without coal, with much water but little water power, poor in minerals, Ireland's prospects of industrial development are small. The main source of Ireland's wealth and the means of subsistence for her pop-

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ulation must always be the land used for farming, but the produce from that source is decreasing year by year. The population is steadily diminishing, having now fallen to less than four and one-half from nearly nine millions in 1847. Though that question does not come within the scope of this book, there can be no doubt that the system of land tenure and government has been the main cause of the great exodus from Ireland and the decay of agriculture. Besides evictions and "clearances" by landlords, public and private money was profusely spent in emigrating the people; but within the last year a society has been formed for "the preservation of the Irish peasantry"; the President is James McCann, a wealthy stock broker and large landowner; and associated with him are Gen. Sir William Butler and Mrs. J. R. Green, widow of the well-known historian.

The heavy freights on Irish railways and insufficient traffic facilities are admitted by this association, as well as by the Agricultural Department, to be a heavy tax on farmers. The articles on the railways and canals of Ireland describe very fully the chaos of the traffic system. The canal system, largely made by Government, is an "unfinished network of waterways of diverse depths and with numerous breaks of gauge." A canal connecting the Erne and Shannon, constructed fifty years ago with public money at a cost of a quarter of a million sterling, was never finished, and no boat has ever gone over it. Its completion would provide an unbroken waterway from Belfast to Limerick The mileage of all the Irish railways is little more than that of the Great Western of England, but the Irish railways "are controlled by nearly thirty different companies, each with its own directors and salaried officials." The Great Western of England carries four times as many passengers per train mile, and takes in for all traffic more than four times the total receipts of all the Irish railways. The average rate charged per ton for merchandise carried in Ireland is 37 per cent. more than in England. A continually decreasing population, the absence of competitive lines, and the many small independent companies make the Irish railway problem very different from that of England, where opposite circumstances have led to lower rates for all traffic, faster services, increased comfort, and higher dividends.

Irish railway rates are a heavy tax on the main industry of Ireland—farming. Agricultural instruction is the chief function of the department, of which this handbook of Ireland is to some extent an advertising puff. The special articles on Agriculture relate what has been done heretofore in the way of agricultural education, and what is now being attempted. It would be unfair to judge the department, only two years in existence, by its results, or to compare its work with similar work done in other European countries where efficient systems of technical and agricultural instruction have been in operation for half a century. It may, however, be remarked that the Statistical Survey of Irish Agriculture is based on the figures collected for many years by the police, and known to be both incorrect and misleading.

One feature stands out clearly, viz., that the country is rapidly going to grass. Districts once populous are becoming almost uninhabited ranches. There is little agriculture because there is no one to till the land. The depopulation is most marked where the land is most fertile. The following remarks recently made in Glasgow by Archbishop Logue describe aptly the relation of the Agricultural Department to the people and the land:

"They have at present a department for improving the agricultural knowledge of the people. That was excellent, but there was no use improving agricultural knowledge when there was no land to till. What they wanted to get was the land, which was the chief source of wealth in every country. They could not get it. The land was given over to cattle, and the people were flying from the country. The people were the wealth of the country. If those who held the destinies of the Empire in their hands acted as true statesmen, they would endeavor to get the people on to the land. Cattle didn't pay taxes; cattle didn't smoke tobacco; and cattle didn't drink tea, and there was something else the cattle didn't drink in which he wished the people would be imitators! They would soon have no one in Ireland except the old and the weak who were not able to step into a railway carriage or climb the deck of a steamboat."

The account of the lace industry, mainly carried on in the poorest parts of Ireland, is one of the most interesting chapters in this book, which, in addition to the useful information it contains, has the recommendation that, being an official publication, it is sold at the low price of five shillings.

The Silva of North America. By Charles Sprague Sargent, Director of the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University. Illustrated with figures and analyses drawn from nature by Charles Edward Faxon. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

It is very gratifying to be able to chronicle the completion of a great undertaking, of which the early promise has been more than kept. When this work began, over twelve years ago, it was supposed that twelve volumes would amply contain the plates and descriptions of the arboreous and arborescent vegetation of the continent of North America above the boundary line of Mexico. As the investigation proceeded, it became apparent that more space would be required than had been originally planned. Instead of about 425 species, nearly 700 were becoming known, and supplementary volumes were imperatively demanded. One of these supplementary volumes has been made a free gift to the original subscribers; the other is sold to them at the low price of each of the earlier volumes—a generous policy which deserves special mention. Volume XIII. is devoted chiefly to the interesting group of thorns, a variable cluster of plants, unimportant in their economic relations, but presenting many curious features of great attractiveness to the botanist, especially to the botanist who considers distribution and slight adaptive variations as worthy of study. Ever since species in the vegetable and animal worlds have been regarded as representing the survival of the fittest (not by any means, always the strongest), the variations or "forms" have taken on a new meaning. Hence, the beautiful and wholly truthful delineations of the thorns, given by Mr. Faxon's pencil, assume a value of the first order, as permanent records of the conditions of the forms to-day, and as affording material for speculation as to the influence of environment.

It is not excessive praise to give these and all of the drawings by Mr. Faxon the very highest place among botanical figures. The drawings are spirited and accurate, and they are also, in the best sense of the word, artistic. They are never wooden; they never represent dried twigs and preserved parchment-like leaves; they are living. Such records are invaluable. Professor Sargent has gracefully expressed the indebtedness of the botanical world for the vast service which Mr. Faxon has rendered to botanical science, in his dedication of the closing volume—"in grateful appreciation of the skill and learning which for twenty years he has devoted to the Silva of North America."

As in previous volumes, the text is perspicuous, and the general information full. Professor Sargent is to be sincerely congratulated on the eminent success of his completed undertaking.

Egypt in the Neolithic and Archaic Periods. By E. A. Wallis Budge, M.A.; D. Lit., Litt. D. Henry Frowde. 1902. 12mo, pp. xxiv., 222.

This book would have been an impossibility fifteen or even ten years ago. Within this limited time the veil has been lifted a little from the prehistoric period in Egypt, and we to-day have learned more about what antedated Menes, the first reputed King of Egypt, than all the intervening ages have recorded. This knowledge has come to us as the result of diggings that have been prosecuted with active zeal since about 1890.

The author is the well-known keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian antiquities in the British Museum. He is well acquainted with the work that has been done in the field, and he is also conversant with all that has been published in connection with it. His function in the present volume is that of digesting editor, and he has performed his task with sufficient detail to present the reader with an interesting and instructive report of progress. This book is the latest in the field, but it is not the last word. Its very form and style proclaim its temporary purpose and mission. To most readers it will come as a rather startling revelation because of lack of acquaintance with what has been accomplished in a decade and a half, but in the nature of things it must soon yield place to another book that shall take the story up at an earlier point, and fill in the outline with a multitude of details that will make those remote periods almost live again. But the whole story reads like a romance even now. It almost passes belief that we have an authentic picture of life above seven thousand years ago. Yet it was bound to come at some time, for the people who possessed a finished and elaborate system of writing in what we have been wont to regard as the very dawn of their history, must have also possessed a history that ran back into the twilight before that dawn. This history has begun to be made known to us, and Dr. Budge has summarized it here. In so doing he has performed a service, but it is one that he will have to repeat by somewhat frequent revision before the definitive book is produced.

It is the first of eight volumes in which the entire story of Egypt is to be told. Its style and appearance are popular, and everything indicates the author's purpose to provide a book suited to the compre-

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hension of the layman who is interested in the general theme. The volumes of Flinders Petrie and of Maspero have a far more scholarly air; they may be taken as a sort of counterpart and supplement, one to the other.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, John. The Minor Prophets. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark; New York: Scribners.
Allbutt, Clifford. The Rise of the Experimental Method in Oxford. Henry Frowde. 1s.
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